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THE STORY OF AGNES ASPINWALL.

PSYCHOLOGICAL QUERY:—DID SHE DIE A CATHOLIC?

"PROFESSOR CHEEVER, can you help me with a difficulty? I fear you cannot, and yet I come to you because you have urged us so often, and particularly at class this morning, to consider you at our service when we are 'pothered.'"

"Is it with some of your psychology work, Miss Aspinwall?" asked the Professor, closing his books and folding them in an orderly pile on the lecture-desk before him. "You are so clear-headed upon every subject, I can scarcely conceive a difficulty for you."

"It is very kind of you, Professor, to take so generous a view of my work. My trouble is not with my psychology, however, or with any of my studies; they are perfectly clear as well as delightful to me. This is my third year at Barnard; my perplexity has been growing ever since early in the first. I fear you would call it one of"—she hesitated—"one of a religious nature."

She walked across the lecture-room and stood by the window, looking out across the campus, viewing the gaunt trees in their intricate outline against the November sky. Professor Cheever caught up his books under his arm, took his hat, and made his way beside her.

"Miss Aspinwall," said he slowly, "your difficulty is a philosophical one—purely philosophical; all earnest minds are more or less tortured by it."

"But why should they be tortured? Why should I have a growing want in my soul for which there is no means of supply? If I am hungry, I can eat; if I am tired, I can rest; if I am

eager for activity, I can move about. Why should there not be some corresponding remedy for the soul—for the mind—since there is a corresponding condition?"

"There is! I assure you, there is! Take a long walk, a bracing walk, in this perfect, clear air, and you will come back feeling strong and calm again."

"A walk, Professor, is a physical exercise. You are the very man who from behind that desk tells us not to expect from laws or things that which lies outside their compass. My soul cannot take a walk; or, alas!" she added with a faint smile, "it is always walking, and will not be still."

"You are nervous, Miss Aspinwall; you are tired, you are overworked. Do not think about whatever so perplexes you."

"I should like to have you answer simply this one question, Professor,—is there really an adequate relief for every difficulty?"

"I believe there is, if we can only find it. I said: a long walk. I did not mean that exactly. That was a concrete remedy."

She interrupted him, "I believe it was only a concrete resort."

The professor laughed. "You are right,—a resort."

"Professor," and her earnest blue-gray eyes sought the glance of his, "if I ever find the remedy for such trouble as my soul knows, I shall rest neither night nor day that I may make it known to others."

"I believe you," he answered. "To-morrow at four I can meet you here, Miss Aspinwall, for a talk. You are too tired to-night after so full a day, and I also have an engagement in a half-hour, which would curtail our time. I shall be happy to meet you to-morrow."

"Thank you, Professor; you are very kind. I shall be here at four."

Professor Cheever watched her as she descended the steps and moved along the broad, graveled walk. "A daughter in all ways worthy of her great father," he reflected, fairly articulating his thoughts; "the most capacious mind I have ever dealt with, and the keenest! And yet how womanly she is withal! Now, see there!"

Just at this moment Miss Aspinwall had encountered a small boy who was carrying a ponderous volume into the museum from the library; the wind had blown his hat from his head, and it was scurrying across the grounds as if of a feather's weight. Miss Aspinwall took the book, and stood watching the boy in pursuit of his hat. Further, when he returned, she conveyed his load up the steep steps for him, chatting pleasantly with him the while. No detail of the pretty, shifting scene was lost to Professor Cheever. "Who would believe to see her now that she was not the gayest and most easy-minded person at Barnard? She was made for great things! I must help her, if I can."

As Agnes pursued her way across the path to the gate, and beyond it into the street, she, too, reflected. "Perhaps I do need a walk, and I shall have it. Just a moment in my room, and then off, up along the river, all alone."

Agnes Aspinwall was not in the least a handsome girl, and yet she gave an impression to all who met her of being somewhat more than that. The chief trait in her face was intellectual vivacity; not the vivacity which is restless and spasmodic, but that which is continuous, and—if this were possible—quiet. Rather, let us say the vivacity was modified by the second remarkable point in her expression, that of cheerful sympathy. No one ever came in contact with her without being conscious of how tender she was, how exquisitely kind, though never in the least weak or flattering. She was orderly, orderly in her room, in her dress, in her time, in her studies, in her conversation; but it was an order all her own, it seemed to lack method. One was extremely happy in dealing with her because of this very quality of hers; it seemed possessed of all her own delicate feelings of considerateness; it never put anyone about.

The long walk in the strong, clear air brought her back to dinner with red cheeks, shining eyes, and a good appetite; she half believed that it really was what she had needed most, but in the depths of her thoughts she realized differently. There was plenty of hard study for the evening, especially a theme to write over, for whose success she was very eager. The little clock on her mantle tinkled out the hour of eleven before she was ready to lay aside her work. She arose, walked up and down the room

a few times, then stood at the window, looking out at the stars, at the earth-lights still shining in occasional windows, then again at the dark dome above; then she fell upon her knees, and, still looking up, prayed:

"O my God, for surely *Thou* hast made me, lead me to Thee! No matter how dark or hard the way, lead me to Thee! Who can satisfy me but only Thou, Thou alone! If earthly love I have, I need Thine more. No one can fill my heart but Thou! No one can lead me to those lofty ideals unless it be the Divine Hand! I must be Thine because I feel Thou must be mine. I know Thou must be reaching out for me, because I am trying, in all the darkness, to reach out for Thee! Thou must love me, because I feel I must, must, must love Thee! This is the soul seeking its Maker; it is I, a poor, weak, miserable creature, seeking Thee, who art infinitely rich in power and in goodness. I shall doubt all, but I shall never doubt Thee. Amen."

Never before had there been uttered in the world a more earnest prayer; near its close she had bent forward toward a chair, and the last words were almost a moan as her head dropped upon her extended arms. For a long time she remained in this position, every few moments repeating some part of her prayer. At length she arose, a warm comfort in her heart, saying, "Oh, I know I shall be satisfied! I know—I know"; and undressing with her usual despatch, she went to bed and to sleep.

Promptly the next day at four she was in Professor Cheever's lecture-room. He was there awaiting her.

"Ah, Miss Aspinwall," he said, with a cordial glance of welcome, "you are, as always, just on time. It is not necessary for me to say I have been anxious with you since yesterday. We teachers carry a heavy burden."

"I understand you, Professor," she responded; "you feel more or less accountable for the unsettlement of young minds. As for mine in particular, however, it is much better to-day. In fact, Professor, I feel so made over, and everything looks so much clearer, I should not have come to you to-day except for the appointment, and I almost regret having spoken to you yesterday."

Even while she was speaking, she took the chair Professor

Cheever set for her on the platform, around the corner of the desk from his own.

"I am delighted to hear that, of course. Did you take the walk? or what was the cure? or can you analyze the change?"

"Yes; I walked for nearly two hours up Halton Street, among and under those beautiful but bare maples; the water-breath was delightful. The walk surely did me good, Professor Cheever, but I should not be frank if I said that was my cure."

"I have no right to enquire, then, what it may have been. I see from your manner the affair is a private one."

"It is a private one, Professor; but oftentimes we do not tell our personal concerns to others, because we do not wish to impose injudiciously, or we wish not to commit an impropriety, or we do not like to be regarded as silly or peculiar. I should be willing to tell you of last evening, Professor, but I feel sure that to do so would be to run counter to all these three points."

"For the first, Miss Aspinwall—you cannot impose; the sincere interest I feel in your welfare and my life-long friendship with your father forbid that. For the second, you know better than I. The third is never to be considered when you are the person to report."

"I fear I shall have some difficulty to withstand your compliments, Professor, especially as I do feel their sincerity. I should like it so much better to have you say these things *of* me, and then never have them reach my ears. I think I should be the better woman for it."

Professor Cheever laughed, and she soon joined him as he said, "But how should you be the better for my—or anyone's—saying a thing if you were never to have the least intimation of its having been said?"

"One can feel things quite as easily as one can hear them. We are always conscious where we are esteemed, and the more unexpressed the esteem is, the more perfect it is, and the happier it makes us. To express it is very often, I believe, like the expression of passionate affection, the first indication of its lessening."

"You ought to write a book on psychology, Miss Aspinwall; at least, an essay. Why do you not try it?"

"I think I should like to, sometime. I have already considered the question, but I always fancy the article in story form, with a heroine 'perplexed in the extreme,'—with most happy issues however."

She sighed as the last words were spoken, and with the sigh her troubles seemed to return. She put her hands upon the desk, her fingers interlocked.

"Professor Cheever, when I was a child, I said my daily prayers,—always my night-prayers, not so regularly the morning ones; in some way or other, I felt that I was a part of religion, or that religion was a part of me—or both; I cannot distinguish now, —but it was more a part for my future than for my present. I felt I was in training for something. I believe all childhood is hopeful, even expectant, and full of pretty fancies; mine was particularly so. Perhaps I can make my meaning clear when I say I was somewhat like a newly-made violin; I knew I should be tuned up after a time, as if I was already being tuned, and as if music would be forthcoming when I was grown. After I finished high school and went and helped in the English classes there, my whole life-plan became very definite to me; I was full of ambitions, all of which were literary, but I do think they were marked also with a strong moral tone. My aspirations are still literary, to be sure, but the moral predominates,—in fact, it has become *religious*."

She said this last word hesitatingly, as if it were to be poorly received; she seemed ashamed of her own condition, but bravely willing to endure, as best she might, the shame she could not conquer. Professor Cheever listened respectfully as word followed word in that voice, at once so sweet and clear, and he remained as if still listening when the final had been uttered. He drew his fingers back and forth across his chin, the elbow resting on the desk.

"Yours is a very exceptional case, Miss Aspinwall," he said at length; "advanced study in philosophy has dislodged the religious convictions of numberless minds; in you, it has served to open up the subject, and to strengthen it."

"Should it not be so, Professor, if religion be truth? Must not every soul in good poise turn more and more to the light? But you are wrong about me; I am not strengthened, not settled, not

in the least happy and secure. I know what I *want*, but I do not know *what* I want. Is there nothing I might read to help me?" She smiled. "I know I am not presenting anything clearly to you; yet you understand."

"I believe I do. How can you make things clearer? Your state is a negative one. We all have felt it at times, but all have not met it so honestly or so earnestly as you. I have a book here upon the desk, which I think would be of aid to you."

She looked at it eagerly. He resumed: "It is Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*. You know of the book. If you take it, you must promise me to read it with reserved judgment."

"You mean, Professor, with prejudice? I am to decide beforehand how much I am to accept and of what quality? Oh, no; please let me read it with uncovered eyes: let the book give me whatever of right and truth it has to give. I know it is powerfully written; it made all England believe in the sincerity of Cardinal Newman, if not in the orthodoxy of his Church."

"Yes, you understand perfectly the color of the work. Take it, read it, and when you have done so, let us, if you are willing, have a talk upon it."

"And upon other things, Professor. I feel almost guilty to have taken your time to-day, and yet you have given it so freely, I shall ask more when the *Apologia* is finished."

"In the meantime think of me as understanding your difficulties, and sympathizing with you in this phase of life."

"Professor Cheever, I should prefer to think of you as praying for me. Prayer *is* a lever."

The gentleman smiled. "I can promise at least this much, Miss Aspinwall,—to wish most sincerely for you the clearing up of your doubts; and in some old book I once read that every good desire is a prayer."

The days went on, days full of hard and pleasant work. Occasionally at some social gathering, or in some other incidental way, Professor Cheever saw Agnes; once or twice he even met her at his own home and at his own table. And just here must be told that which really belongs to an earlier part of the story. If there was in New York City a motherly or elder-sisterly influence for Agnes Aspinwall, it was that of Miss Cheever, and this lady's

beautiful home, of which she and her brother, Professor Franklin Cheever of Columbia, were the sole inmates, might have been the most comforting resort for the earnest girl. Both Professor and Miss Cheever had intimately known her father, a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, and they made eager advances to Agnes from the day she entered Barnard. The results were most discouraging, for not only did she rarely visit their house, but even in college work she persistently held back from any personal reference in her contact with her friend and teacher. From the day of their long, private conversation, she seemed to change in this respect, and some of the most enjoyed moments thereafter for the three friends were those in which they speculated as to the reasons of Agnes's previous aloofness. Her shyness and reserve were so unaccompanied with awkwardness, they would tend to mystify the keenest observer.

Christmas came, and Agnes went to Boston to spend the few days' recess with a friend. Before her return, Professor Cheever received the following letter :—

BOSTON, December 28, 1902.

My Dear Professor Cheever :—

It was extremely kind of your sister and yourself to invite me for a day and night to your home during our brief holiday. Your sister already knows from my note that my week had previously been promised here ; otherwise I should have foregone many another pleasure in order to secure that of a long talk with you before your own log,—a veritable "Yule log," I assume. The very invitation told me something, however :—that I might intrude upon your time, and I choose now to do so by letter.

I did think of writing out all I had gleaned in the way of mind-product (better, soul-product) from Newman's *Apologia ;* it seemed better to write it that we might afterwards discuss it more clearly, and I also hoped the letter might later be turned into an article—with your sanction—for the U. of C. paper. But now I have something else to tell, of which my mind is absolutely full ; even to get to this point of my letter without breaking in upon it is a consoling proof of my having some degree of self-restraint.

I have been to Radcliffe, have seen many of the embryo bachelors ; still better, have seen President ——, Professor ——, and others of

the faculty; and altogether enjoyed such two days as persons, I believe, very rarely have. The hours were fairly brilliant! of course, I am perfectly true to my own 24 (you remember my number at Barnard), but I cannot understand one who does not admire every good thing and good person under the sun. I do.

This letter is not about Cambridge, however; my note-books will give all that when I get home again. This is about yesterday afternoon's visit to a convent.

My friend had some commission there for another friend, a Catholic girl, and I accompanied her. When the business was concluded, we might have come out, but the nun asked if we should not like to see the chapel. "Now," thought I, "she is going to attempt to proselytize us!" It was very mean of me, and I have since made my first act of contrition! We accepted her invitation, and in the corridor we encountered another nun (they do not call themselves nuns very often, but *religious;* it means the same thing); my friend had met her before when calling with her friend, so she turned and joined us on our way to the chapel. This left me, as we walked along, with her who had first come to us. She asked me if I had ever been in a convent before; I said no, and also that she was the first nun I had ever spoken to. She said she was glad I had come, and her manner was so kind and so bright, I began—college girl that I am—to ply her with questions. Actually, I marvelled at the effect her answers had upon me; there was not the least of a *preachy* tone about her, neither did she even seem eager to have me know the *faith;* she simply answered my questions fully and sweetly, and kept the conversation going as easily as would have any lady in her own drawing-room. She seemed to have so much respect for all my views, and yet she did not seem desirous of winning me by any flattery. She was simply herself,—straightforward, earnest, sympathetic,—and oh, so intellectual! She seemed to know everything about every subject that came up, and yet she was most remote from worldliness. I did tell her I thought her very cosmopolitan, and she said that all religious are that by profession; they are the possession of the whole world, to which they owe very strict duties. She said the chief of these duties is prayer. She then added, as a side remark, but strongly, that, though in one sense they have no country here, she felt herself to be intensely American. After that, Professor, we fell into a long talk (we had remained over in a hall in which my friend wished to examine a piece of tapestry), and I told her—but very delicately—of all that

so distresses me. Instead of saying that I should find true peace, etc., if I "entered the Church," she simply said she understood, that she believed we all have our intellectual difficulties; she said that in reality they strengthen faith, for faith is a pure act of the will, and the more we are perplexed and still believe unfalteringly, the more perfect our act becomes. The influence she began to have over me was "wondrous to me." There was no passion in it; neither was it in the least hypnotic; it was perfectly intelligible all through the process, and I kept saying mentally, "Here is a woman who is keenly alive to everything, but virtue is her motive. Hence her influence." I felt last night and to-day that, were I dying, I should like to say, "I believe all she believes, for I know it is true to be so accepted."

The convent chapel is very beautiful, of a mixed style of architecture; the whole setting seemed so perfect for the noble women who lived within those walls. There was one thing the nun seemed not to allow,—personal praise; when I tried to make it so, she either took it very prettily as intended for all, or remarked that the responsibilities of a religious are so great, she can never feel that she has accomplished a tithe of all that is due from her. Naturally, I wish to go back to the convent, but there is no reason for doing so this time, although I do not leave Boston for two days more. In my note-book I have written our conversation as clearly as I could remember it, and will delight in showing it to you after my return.

How happy I should be if you could visit that convent! It seems as if it might in some way be arranged for you to call there next summer. Your whole view of life would change, believe me. You would see the world in even a more exalted light than you now do, and you are already so liberal in your judgments of all! I am nine-tenths a Roman Catholic, and that through the influence of a woman who hasn't the remotest idea of what she has effected. She removed from me at each step another wrapping of prejudice and mistrust; there was not the least note in either her manner or words of taking me captive unless it might be in open field and with no favor. She promised to pray for me—when I asked her.

I have written in my note-book the outline of a theme on *sentiment*, and another on *influence*, and she was the inspiration of both. Her sentiment, of which she has much, is so unselfishly sustained, and her influence is more spiritual than I can express. Everything in regard to both is as clear to me as the day.

As your sister requested, I shall visit you on the Saturday after the

classes reopen. Be prepared for the details of my visit; if it was simply a case of fascination, I ought to have recovered somewhat by that time.

This is not the sort of letter a pupil writes to her teacher ordinarily; and yet it is, for no two cases are alike.

Believe me, my dear Professor Cheever,

With grateful esteem,

Yours sincerely,

AGNES ASPINWALL.

After Professor Cheever had read this letter through twice, he went for a walk. He returned late, and read it again. Then he wrote upon the envelope, smiling mischievously as he did so, "The Lion Chained," and put the letter away on file. He thought to himself, what kind of a person was that who could influence Miss Aspinwall! the one person who always thought for herself while she hoped to learn and lean! And he thought, too, that if ever she went into a convent, or, in fact, entered upon that life which her letter so beautifully suggested, what an instrument she would be for the accomplishment of noble work! And Agnes wrote in her note-book that same evening, "I have convictions, but conviction is not faith. The nun says one must pray for that;" and she knelt at her bedside, saying,—

"Give it to me, O my God,—to do a great deal of good in the world, a great deal of good, a great deal of good. And without my knowing it; I should spoil it if I knew. Give me light! I love Thee, my God. Amen."

Agnes laughed heartily the next week when she saw her letter-label at Professor Cheever's house.

"And do I really require taming?" she asked earnestly, though still laughing.

"No, no," was the reply; "but no one ever seemed to hold you before."

"Miss Cheever has just shown me a picture of a martyrdom out in her sitting-room, and the lions in it make a connection with your words. I told her if that fierce-looking judge asked me what I believed, I should have to say, 'I do not exactly know yet, but there is one who can express it for me!'"

"Ah, so you are still impressed?"

"Still very much impressed,—more impressed. But I must tell you all about it."

The evening grew far into the night, as Professor and Miss Cheever sat before the fire, listening to Agnes's account of all her Boston doings. As a matter of course, that to which she reverted the most frequently and with the most enthusiasm was her hour at the convent.

From this time on Professor Cheever saw much of his brilliant pupil. He realized keenly that she was a girl of the highest aspirations as he perceived more and more with what lofty ideals her soul was filled; but she daily became possessed of a new beauty, both in his eyes and in those of all, as her mind unfolded its marvellous gifts. One day in class, the question arose as to regret upon losing a happy past,—a care-free childhood, or any other special period of happiness. "We have no past!" she boldly asserted; "what have we to regret? We carry with us forever what the past was to us." And that evening, at Miss Cheever's table, where the subject was resumed, she said:

"When one meets me, he finds in me the place of my birth, my parents, my home, my education. He must catch some part of that great scene of earth, water, and sky over which I revelled in the summers of my early life; he must know something of the books I have read and where I read them. And so it is of any one's past. If we do not find it in him, it meant nothing to him, and means nothing, now or ever. When I see you, Professor, whether I know it or not, I am dealing with years of scholarly life, with months of observant travel; I am even touching—what must needs be exquisitely dear to me—your friendship with my father. He must have given you something of himself; you must have exchanged something. Persons do not understand when they talk of a lost past. I have lost my parents, but those years of tender, devoted love and high example are with me always; night and day I can turn to them for all they ever meant to me. The more keenly we feel a loss, the more secure we are from having suffered one. Excuse me, Professor—this last is a bull; you know bulls lie in my line."

The summer came, and Agnes went to Germantown for the long vacation. She had arranged with her Boston friend that

when Professor Cheever and his sister passed through Boston on their return from Bar Harbor, they should visit the convent; but the event was that the nuns were away on "retreat" during the very week the professor and Miss Cheever spent there, and so Agnes's greatest desire was frustrated. She did not understand what "retreat" meant; she was too excellent and too radical a student, to imagine she understood even after she had been told, but she now felt it was a season that interfered much with her plans and hopes. Professor Cheever's call at the convent was not so much for him—although Agnes dwelt on that point, too, with great delight—as that he would either confirm or destroy, in some measure, at least, her own impressions; she longed to have them tested by some other than herself, especially by such another as her father's esteemed friend and her own favorite instructor. She felt that upon this visit of Professor Cheever's depended much of her future life, and it should be largely from his advice, she would take further action in regard to adopting a religious creed.

When Miss Cheever wrote her from her home in New York that they had returned, and even a seven days' delay in Boston had given them no chance of gaining admittance to the convent, Agnes's keen disappointment seemed out of all proportion to the information. Her friends were amazed at it, and yet, truth to say, they saw not its depth or its intenseness, so strong was her growing self-control.

She returned to Barnard. Her last year opened, and she resolved to take extra hours, as she had the year before, in order to satisfy the requirements for her master's degree at the close of the four years. She also began to keep a journal. This she had done more or less regularly for years, but the book she now opened began to contain her troubles and perplexities "in filtered form," to borrow her own expression, and her reflections upon the books she read, at least in part, but—best of all—her outlook upon life, her hopes, her resolutions, her ideals; and it all was glowing in the golden light of her lofty spirit and her tender, unselfish heart. She herself felt that it was a bond between God and her, and she grew less and less desirous of the support and approval of other minds. Not that she became less human, less responsive to the kind and sweet touches of social intercourse; as a matter

of fact, she seemed to become only more so as the weeks went by. It was a precious moment in the life of a freshman to encounter her in the library and to have even a brief contact with her ever bright and refreshing mind. To all the undergraduates, in whatever way their path happened to cross hers, she was an inspiration and a source of gladness. She seemed so buoyant and so approachable, and both these in spite of a high reserve which ever distinguished her; and both these, too, in spite of the great interior conflict which she waged so constantly. The Sister whom she had met in Boston influenced her every hour, influenced her more perhaps than if she had known her better because she influenced her ideally. Agnes had caught a glimpse of that life which is the purest on earth, and she had seen it in its effect rather than its effort or its action; as a consequence, she had seen it at its best. Being, as she was, of a highly poetic temperament, though at the same time so remarkably practical, she had comprehended in an hour the greatest possibilities of an existence here; the glamor of the richness of living had cast itself on all things, into all lives, and she knew that she was not to see ever again other than as she did save by some deliberate base intention of her own. She prayed much; that is, she thought much prayerfully. She begged for light and strength; she sought only to be led to Truth. For another to live just as she lived might not be wise; for her, it was the highest wisdom.

November came. As she turned the month down in her calendar, she remembered that just a year before had begun the expression of her difficulties in her talk with Professor Cheever. Her memory traced all that followed that scene, with the result that she sat at her desk and wrote a long, full letter to the nun in Boston. She told her of the origin of her perplexities, their development, their effects, their present stage; and then asked for advice—for answers, at least, to a few questions. The letter occupied hours in the writing. Then she read it over, re-read it, and tore it up. The only record of the act was this entry in her journal:

"November 1, 1903.—Wrote a long letter, a real exposition of my spiritual and mental state, to the Religious; and then destroyed it. To write it was no fault—human nature is so made; but to have ever

thought of sending it would prove me an assured idiot. I must tell Professor Cheever about the act. He will analyze it cleverly."

She locked her desk, put on her wraps, and made her way to Miss Cheever's.

Miss Cheever met her at the door. "You come upon a wish, Agnes," she said, kissing her warmly. "I was going to your room this evening as soon as dinner. People tell me you have not been looking well, and Franklin says you overstudy. You must come and remain with us until Christmas, that I may keep a watchful eye upon you. You know we were so long getting you to approach us at all, and——."

Agnes put her arms tight around her friend, and laying her head for an instant on her shoulder, said, "I don't know what I should do now if I hadn't you. How kind you are—how good to me always!"

"But your health, Agnes?" By this time they had reached the library; "Tell me about it exactly."

Agnes tried to evade the remark as she removed her things and went to put them away; and just at that moment Professor Cheever arrived, bringing some friends to dinner.

"Ah, this is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Aspinwall!" he exclaimed as he saw her when he came in; "I am so happy to have my old colleagues from Chicago meet you."

Agnes had never made greater conquests with her marked gifts than during that evening. Every subject that came up at table was one upon which her questions and suggestions were both original and pregnant. One part of the conversation must be given here. The question arose as to living a profitable life, a life of value to others.

"Will you tell us, please, Professor Parker, just what you mean by a profitable life?"

He smiled. "The question is easily answered, Miss Aspinwall." And he went on to elaborate the usual view of well-spent years.

"Is there no other way?" she asked. "My dream of a valuable life is to follow one's conscience, and to strive each day to increase its delicacy; there can never be any way to pacify it; the only way one can approach to that is to do one's best.

Conscience leads us in divers ways as we watch for its call; but when we have done so, everyone whom we have met, even for an hour, and many whom we have not met at all, are the better and the happier. Will you please set me right if I am wrong?"

At a large dinner-party made up of her elders she would not have so spoken. If there was any gift in which she particularly excelled, it was in a sense of propriety; here she was the only lady save the hostess, and she knew the right of queenship was partly hers. Professor Cheever's face beamed with pride and pleasure, and his spirits served to give her better poise.

After the other guests had departed, Agnes sat in the library with Miss Cheever and her brother, talking of many things. Chief among the topics was her health, her remaining with them for a few weeks, and her projected visit to her Boston friend at Christmas.

"Sympathize with me in my happy anticipations!" she exclaimed exultingly. "I feel, Miss Cheever, as if the strain of waiting had reached its limit; I can rejoice now."

"But, Miss Aspinwall," interposed the professor, "why expect so much? I do not like to see you return with air-castles all rent."

"They shall not be! They will not be, Professor Cheever! I am like Job—I know that for which I hope. Is it not possible for one to know the direction whence light will come?"

It so happened that the next day, in a letter from her Boston friend, there was enclosed a little Catholic picture which the religious had given her for Agnes. It represented Saint John leaning upon the breast of Christ—a picture suggested in Saint John's own Gospel. The tints were delicate and the faces beautiful. This picture, and nothing more, was to be the climax of Agnes's life. One morning, only a few days later, she was taken with a severe chill while busy at some reading in a corner of the University Library. Some other students who were near ordered a cab, and she was taken at once to Miss Cheever's. Medical aid was there almost as soon as she, but within a few hours it was known the disease, pneumonia, was beyond the reach of all skill, so rapid was the congestion.

All night she lay in great suffering, but perfectly conscious.

Toward morning she asked for the picture, and it was placed under her hands upon her breast. "I had planned so much!" she struggled to say; "so much! I did not talk of it, but it was all planned. I intended to do good, to know God better, and then to show others the way."

"You did know and love Him, darling," said Miss Cheever, smoothing the pillow and trying to check her own tears, "and you did show others. Your life was that ode to duty you said you should try to make it."

Agnes smiled deprecatingly. "Tell the Professor to take all my papers and my little book-journals. He had better destroy them, but he may do as he wishes. They are his—more his than he realizes," she added, showing still that alertness of thought for which she had been so remarkable. "And for you, my best and dearest friend, for you, Miss Cheever, see to everything for me. I wrote a paper over three years ago, in the days of my greatest shyness, that you were to have all; understand, when you find the note, that I mean it all to-day a thousand times more than when I wrote it."

The nurse was at the bedside with Miss Cheever. Professor Cheever sat in the next room with the doctors. He came in.

"Miss Aspinwall"—he broke down.

"Yes, yes," she said; "go to Boston. Tell her of me—that I was only a hope—no more. Ask her to pray for me that I may in some way have fulfilled my destiny. I ought to have been so much better—to have lived for higher motives. I meant—I intended, when I knew—when she should have taught me the way——."

The Professor and Miss Cheever were in such grief, she desisted from saying more, and lifting the picture in her fingers, she tried to look at it.

The nurse said, "What do you wish, Miss Aspinwall?" She supported the picture with her hand. "You want something more from us."

"Yes!" said Agnes, with a touch of her old vigor; "this is no way to let a person die. In the Catholic Church they die with prayers and blessed things around the bed; all Christians die with thoughts of God." She tried to raise her head on her hand

as she continued: "Professor Cheever, please read for me from the Testament about the penitent, the Magdalen, at the feet of Christ."

Even as he hastened to take the Bible and open at the desired text, he said in as steady a voice as he could command, "That does not suit you in the least; let me take another passage."

"Yes, yes; it does suit me. What am I?—What are we all, but especially what am I, but a sinner pleading for mercy at the Saviour's feet? Read, read for me His wonderful words of pardon and love."

Professor Cheever began. One of the doctors who had come into the room a moment before, now held Agnes's pulse as the reading continued. The professor got through it bravely to the end.

"Oh, if He would only say to me, 'Go in peace,' would it not be beautiful! Doctor, it may appear hard to die when one is so young and the world holds so much in prospect; but, believe me, it seems only a little now. God seems all. Help others to die well—to die as creatures going to the Creator—the child to its Father. Dear, dear God!"

The head turned on the pillow as respiration became more and more difficult, but her mind still held its own. The doctor bade her be quiet, and Miss Cheever kept close to her side, with her arms around the pillow. Could the nun have looked into that death-chamber, what would not her zeal have urged her to do to make sweeter and more comforting those last hours for that pure and lofty soul? And if she prayed in her convent chapel for all whom she had ever met, how large a share went in blessings toward that earnest heart now throbbing out the end of its too brief work?

Agnes opened her eyes at the end of a silent quarter-hour.

"Are you all praying?" she asked Miss Cheever.

"Yes, beloved; we are all praying for you."

"You are so kind! Oh, thank you—thank you all!" She looked down at the professor and smiled. "This is the last analysis of a thought, Professor Cheever. It is hard, but I do not in the least object. I like—to—do—my—duty—well."

The eyes closed. The head sank upon the chest. Without a struggle the soul had left its mortal dwelling.

When Professor and Miss Cheever discovered Agnes's journals, they decided to arrange them for publication; these will appear later. For the present, they have given the material for this sketch into the hands of her Boston friend, who has put matter so rich and so unusual into such form as her feeble ability rendered possible. In the cemetery at Germantown, Agnes lies beside her parents, and the monument which bears their epitaphs has this new and unique inscription:—

AGNES ASPINWALL
THEIR DAUGHTER
BORN JUNE 8, 1880, DIED NOVEMBER 8, 1903
DEARLY BELOVED OF GOD, AND FOREVER MOURNED BY US
HER FRIENDS
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CHEEVER
ANNA WHIPPLE CHEEVER

GRACE SHERMAN CLEMENT.

Providence, R. I.

LEX AMANDI.

The Lineage of Love.

I am the Mother of fair love.—Eccli. 25 : 24.

MOTHERHOOD.

FROM the three great manifestations of the love-principle in human life, mother-love, sex-love, and God-love, spring those heart impulses behind human action by which the race climbs upward or slips backward in its movement toward a higher, fuller destiny. For it is in the heart-life, after all, that mankind lives out its destiny and realizes its dreams. "Experience tells us that man's true life is neither lived in the material tracts of the body, nor in the higher altitudes of the intellect, but in the warm world of the affections. Till he is equipped with these, man is not human. He reaches his full height only when Love becomes to him the breath of life, the energy of will, the summit of desire. There at last lies all happiness, and goodness, and truth, and divinity."[1]

[1] *Ascent of Man*, p. 215.

Ruled and ordered and enlightened though he may be by his intelligence, the springs of man's conduct arise from the love-principle at the bottom of his life. He may not be aware of the secret workings of this principle upon his nature, and of its subtile influence upon the preferences of his conscious mind; but the arrangement by which this principle was placed as the fundamental motive power at the basis of human life was made long before man had any conscious knowledge of such things as love and life and intelligence. While his mind was left free, or allowed to develop within itself the power of preference, of choosing a code of personal conduct, his heart-impulses took their rise in beginnings of his being reaching so remotely back of his conscious existence that speculation about them might seem only fanciful to him, if not even distasteful. Human nature loves to believe it has absolute control over all its preferences, heart as well as head; that none of its impulses is altogether blind or involuntary or hereditary; and its pride in this prerogative of its free will to choose, to accept or reject, is a justifiable one. It is not, however, the will or choice of loving that is a blind or involuntary act in human nature; man can love or hate with the same free will by which he can alternately eat or drink, or walk or stand. But the faculty of loving, the initial function of love itself in man's being is a power which he had no more part in shaping than he had in laying the foundations of his physical life. As the laws of that life were working out the full complement of his physical being, all unaided and uninfluenced by his own personal and conscious choice, so the law of love within him, even at this early stage of his existence, was working in a secret confederacy with the law of life to prepare the soil from which the first seeds of love would spring when conscious being came to him with human birth.

"Love is not a late arrival, an after-thought with creation. It is not a novelty of romantic civilization. It is not a pious word of religion. Its roots began to grow with the first cell of life which budded on this earth. How great it is, the history of humanity bears witness; but how old it is and how solid, how bound up with the very constitution of the world, how from the first time an eternal part of it, we are only now beginning to perceive. . . . Love did not descend out of the clouds like rain or snow. It was distilled on earth. And few of

the romances which in after years were to cluster round this immortal word are more wonderful than the story of its birth and growth. Partly a product of crushed lives and exterminated species, and partly of the choicest blossoms and sweetest essences that ever came from the tree of life, it reached its spiritual perfection after a history the most strange and checkered that the pages of Nature have to record. What love was at first, how crude and sour and embryonic a thing, it is impossible to conceive. But from age to age, with immeasurable faith and patience, by cultivations continuously repeated, by transplantings endlessly varied, the unrecognizable germ of this new fruit was husbanded to its maturity, and became the tree on which humanity, society, and civilization were ultimately borne."[2]

The mysteries of human life and love are explained to us in one set of terms by the physiologist; in another, no less technical and profound by the psychologist; and in still another, more mysterious and baffling still, by the theologian. Yet, after we have pondered and probed the significance of these terms, and have tried to apply them to the actual facts of human experience, the inadequacy of their words in conveying the living sense of it all to our minds leaves us vaguely discouraged and dissatisfied. We feel that the measure of human life and love cannot be taken this way, or that a set of formal terms cannot convey to our understanding the whole application of these principles to our

[2] *Ascent of Man*, p. 216.

"As the story of evolution is usually told, Love—the evolved form of the Struggle for the Life of Others—has not even a place. Almost the whole emphasis of science has fallen upon the opposite,—the animal Struggle for Life. Hunger was early seen by the naturalists to be the first and most imperious appetite of all living things, and the course of Nature came to be erroneously interpreted in terms of a never-ending strife. Since there are vastly more creatures born than can ever survive, since for every morsel of food provided a hundred claimants appear, life to an animal was described to us as one long tragedy; and Poetry, borrowing the imperfect creed, pictured Nature only as a blood-red fang. Before we can go on to trace the higher progress of Love itself, it is necessary to correct this misconception. . . . To interpret the whole course or Nature by the Struggle for Life is as absurd as if one were to define the character of St. Francis by the tempers of his childhood. Worlds grow up as well as infants; their tempers change, the better nature opens out, new objects of desire appear, higher activities are added to the lower. The first chapter or two of the story of evolution may be headed the Struggle for Life; but take the book as a whole and it is not a tale of battle. It is a Love-story." *Ibid.*, p. 217.

personal lives. This is a case where theory teaches nothing; where personal experience alone can bring understanding of even the most primary facts. Here is a department of experience in which knowledge itself, and wisdom, and intelligence, have sometimes been made to play the fool in order to fathom more deeply the meaning of love's mysterious power in human life. And even after such personal experience knowledge and wisdom are as helpless as ever to convey that meaning to others. Yet, as we have seen, while love is something that never can be taught, the human heart learned its lessons in love by a tuition that began with the inception of life itself.

> "'Tis even thus:
> In that I live I love; because I love
> I live: whate'er is fountain to the one
> Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
> Our God unknits the riddle of the one
> There is no shade or fold of mystery
> Swathing the other." [3]

Strange it is that this most primary experience of human life, the power of loving, should have become so widely associated with that single phase of love-experience which comes only with maturity as practically to limit all interest in the subject to this transitory manifestation of it alone. The world has come to think lightly of love, because love has been presented to it only in an aspect of lightness, of transitoriness; an experience in human life which is a mere passing phase of feeling; something which comes to-day and is gone to-morrow; a spasmodic, sporadic thing; a mere efflorescence of the hot blood of youth or passion; in short, an emotional condition to which all human nature is subject under the proper conditions—as it would be subject to certain physical afflictions—but which it is best to escape if one can, and which it is becoming to be ashamed of, if one cannot. These are some of the aspects in which the world commonly misrepresents love, and by which it has succeeded not only in lowering and distorting the ordinary mind's conception of the true character of love, but has built up a misapprehension of love's origin and love's function in human life that tends to frustrate some of the holiest designs of God upon the race of man.

[3] Tennyson.

The poetic, no less than the scientific and materialistic view of love, has helped to lead the world astray in its understanding of this "supreme dynamic" in human existence. All these influences have combined to establish the notion that love has its birth in human life at a point in the experience of that life when the *consciousness* of love first awakens in the heart; when the emotions feel for the first time the stir of this consciousness running like a new tide of life through the faculties of heart and soul and body. This, in the commonest poetic parlance, is "the awakening of love." And this, laughs the cynical world, is the beginning of the end of love; this, it believes, is the first stage in the human heart's experience of life's supreme delusion; a delusion which at the same time, by an irony of fate, is life's supreme delight.

On account of this world-wide misapprehension of love's origin in human life, and of that ignorance or indifference which refuses to understand or to examine the deeper and more vital relations of love to human destiny, the subject has lost caste, so to speak, as a theme for serious consideration. Discussion of it is distrusted by the sincere and ridiculed by the frivolous; a wall of diffidence blocks almost every avenue of approach to it, except to those to whom diffidence is a sham and modesty a stranger: the shallow-hearted worldling, the callous-minded cynic, the conscienceless and shameless novelist of a prurient school of literature to whom the theme of love is merely a stock in trade. These have become the only prophets and exponents of love that the world knows to-day;—the poor, sad world, that is trying in its disgust and disappointment to get along without love since this is all there is to it: a hollow delusion and a snare; a joke upon poor humanity, that affords endless "copy" for the professional humorist; a monumental mistake in the economy of human existence, that seems to be set there for no other purpose than to prepare a trap into which men and women blunder like blind victims, to their certain disappointment and chagrin, if not to their utmost despair and disaster. The world is tired of it all, and it has turned from love for many a day as a thing of secondary importance in human affairs. Humanity has long been searching in other directions to satisfy the deeper cravings and aspirations of the heart. The world of the emotions has been forsaken for the world of

mind; the pursuit of knowledge has replaced the ancient quest of love. This quest of love is now regarded as a folly of the past, an early trait of the world's unwise youth when love was the only law that ruled both little and great; when kings would leave their thrones at its beck and sober statesmen would not be ashamed to follow its behests before the face of all. All this has been left behind in the world's progress toward knowledge,—for in the realm of learning the throne is not raised to love but to mind, and love will rule as king or will not rule at all.

With love no longer king in the high places of this world; no longer recognized as the sole and mighty arbiter of human destiny; wandering as an outcast from the frozen, childless homes where knowledge rules—knowledge which taught the world how to banish love with all its sweet benedictions—a great cruelty has grown up in the world to-day. It is not the cruelty of the red fang or the sharp claw; but a vast nameless something that we feel strike into us at times like the biting thrust of steel; that seizes us at moments as with the unyielding grip of iron that would rend our living hearts into bleeding shreds if we dare to falter or to stumble in this race of the swift and this battle of the strong; that crushes the warm life out of us by a merciless and cruel repression of every natural instinct and human impulse, out-reaching and up-springing from our hearts in love and kindness toward our fellow creatures. The world to-day takes pride in scorning sentiment; it boasts of its ability to overcome emotion and to act from the conviction of the mind rather than from the impulses of the heart. It would be shamefaced at offering a sentimental reason as a sufficient motive for any act in human life. All conduct must be dictated by sanctions endorsed by practical reasons in order to win respect. Not that the age has formally repudiated love or sentiment as a sufficient motive power for human conduct; but it has succeeded in weakening the function of love in human life by a check upon love's forces which must lead them in the end to inevitable defeat and death. There is a deeper cause for this world-coldness of our age than we are wont to recognize when we characterize it as merely the scientific spirit of the time, or the business spirit, or the disposition for the practical which prevails among us. These terms are mere evasions of the real cause lying

back of the conditions. Neither science, nor business, nor the practical have alone or together wrought this change in the human disposition. This chill upon the heart of mankind to-day is from the dearth of love amongst us; *it is the chill from childless homes;* the coldness from loveless unions between men and women; the heartlessness from homes built upon the ruins of other homes devastated by divorce and dishonor. This is where the defeat of love's supremacy over the human heart takes its rise; here at the very source of love, the very springs of life itself: the shrine of the family, the heart of the home, the cradle of love in the mother's breast have been profaned and desolated by the scourge of divorce in our modern civilization, till the whole world shivers as in a mortal chill. Our social organism has been shaken to its foundations by the fierce divisions and disputes that this problem of divorce has created amongst us. Civil and religious law has been mocked at and defeated in its attempt to legislate against this terrible evil. Churches have been split into bitter factions over some technical difference of opinion as to where the vital principles of this problem lay. But how useless it has all proved to be in enforcing upon men and women any sense of their own obligations both to themselves and to their fellow beings. Legislation has proved a farce in its attempt to regulate this evil; and both moral and religious influences seem powerless to check the inroads of it upon the peace and happiness of mankind. The trouble is that results only have for the most part been attacked in dealing with this problem; while the sources of the evil have either been ignored or overlooked. This is not the way the modern intelligent mind works with mistakes and misfortunes in other departments of human life. The scientific spirit has at least taught us one good and great condition for reform or restoration of perverted forces in life, and this is the discovery of the real cause of the perversion—physical, moral, or mental—before we attempt to deal with the perversion itself. In the world of social reform almost as much as in the medical world to-day, the initial lesson is, "Find the germ." But in this war upon divorce who thinks of talking about that awful perversion of the laws of life and love by which modern marriage, entered into by men and women with no higher motive than a cold, calculating self-interest

or self-gratification dictates, has blighted the world with thousands upon thousands of loveless, lonely homes; in which the voices of children are never heard; where there is no sweet school of affection and unselfishness and self-sacrifice, founded upon the only secure and permanent basis on which love can build its principles into the human life,—the love of child for parent and parent for child. The only lasting bond of love is mutual self-sacrifice; and when love's most primary law is broken—the law upon which the whole of living creation has moved forward from the beginning until now—it is only natural, and consistent, and inevitable, that some terrible hiatus should occur in human conditions, some impulse toward division, antagonism, disruption, that should rend the very vitals of civilization and break down the holiest sanctions of the ages in its erratic tendency toward the disorganization of the social body. Divorce and dishonored vows and broken lives will go on heaping up the record of human sorrow and misfortune until men and women learn and realize that the laws of love are as inexorable in inflicting penalty, merciless and dire, upon those who mock them and break them with impunity, as are the very foundation laws of life itself. Until they know and take to heart this fact,—which is no mere lesson of the moral law grafted upon civilization in its later development, and serving the race as a mere economic expedient, but which is one of nature's grand primordial facts,—that, as the way to banish love from the human race is to tear up its roots in the heart of the mother, so the only way by which love is perpetuated in the human race is by its lineal descent from mother to child and child to mother; that the world will forget how to love *when the mother forgets her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb;*[4] that the human heart not only learns the alphabet of love at the mother's breast, but that in the brief unconscious span of existence when mother and child are as one, and during the dumb helpless years of infancy, the human heart unconsciously compresses into its own individual experience the accumulated experience of the race in the deep lessons of love; that it dimly, yet with an intimate and abiding knowledge, learns all the wondrous ways by which love has striven, in its unceasing impulses throughout the ages, since its first

[4] Isa. 49: 15.

awakening in a human soul, to grow eloquent of itself in outward manifestation. "When the first mother awoke to her first tenderness and warmed her loneliness at her infant's love, when for a moment she forgot herself and thought upon its weakness or its pain, when by the most imperceptible act or sign or look of sympathy she expressed the unutterable impulse of her motherhood, the touch of a new creative hand was felt upon the world. However short the earliest infancies, however feeble the sparks they fanned, however long heredity took to gather fuel enough for a steady flame, it is certain that once this fire began to warm the cold hearth of Nature and give humanity a heart, the most stupendous task of the past was accomplished. A softened pressure of an uncouth hand, a human gleam in an almost animal eye, an endearment in an articulate voice,—feeble things enough. Yet in these faint awakenings lies the hope of the human race."[5]

No word of love has ever been uttered by human lips but some mother of the past crooned its tender syllables into her babe's unheeding ear; from the warm pressure of a mother's arms and the soft caress of a mother's lips the human instinct for love expression received its first training in the arts of affection even before any other faculty of consciousness had reached the crudest stage of development. Yet not alone in the merely physical expression of love is motherhood the first tutor of the affec-

[5] *Ascent of Man*, p. 290.

"How full creation is of meaning, of anticipation, of good for man; how far back begins the undertone of Love! Remember that nearly all the beauty of the world is Love-beauty—the corolla of the flower and the plume of the grass, the lamp of the fire-fly, the plumage of the bird, the horn of the stag, the face of a woman that nearly all the music of the natural world is Love-music—the song of the nightingale, the call of the mammal, the chorus of the insect, the serenade of the lover; that nearly all the foods of the world are Love-foods—the date and the raisin, the banana and the bread-fruit, the locust and the honey, the eggs, the grains, the seeds, the cereals, and the legumes; that all the drinks of the world are Love-drinks—the juices of the sprouting grain and the withered hop, the milk from the udder of the cow, the wine from the Love-cup of the vine. Remember that the Family, the crown of all higher life, in the organic world, is the creation of Love; that coöperation, which means power, which means wealth, which means leisure, which therefore means art and culture, recreation and education, is the gift of Love. Remember not only these things, but the diffusions of feeling which accompany them, the elevations, the ideals, the happiness, the goodness, *and the faith in more goodness*, and ask if it is not a world of Love in which we live." *Ibid.*, p. 232.

tions. Through the wide portal of a mother's heart have come the noble train of human virtues that have raised the race from we know not how crude and exalted a stage in physical and moral being up to that high estate which, in its perfect flowering in the souls of the redeemed, has made men only a little less than the angels. The history of the Mother is the record of man's Redemption. This is true not only in the sense of those profound teachings of the Church which interpret the meaning of the Incarnation in terms which seem to some to convey only a conception of the maternity of the Virgin Mother of God; but it is true also in a sense which includes every interpretation of the history of mankind. It is fundamentally true in a physical and moral sense; and in a spiritual sense its truth reaches from the lowest depths of life's mystery to the highest concept of that mystery that has ever been defined. "From of old we have heard the monition, 'except ye be as babes ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven;' the latest science now shows us that unless we had been as babes, the ethical phenomena which give all its significance to the phrase 'Kingdom of Heaven' would have been non-existent for us. Without the circumstances of infancy, we might have become formidable among animals through sheer force of sharp-wittedness. But except for these circumstances we should never have comprehended the meaning of such phrases as 'self-sacrifice' or 'devotion.' The phenomena of social life would have been omitted from the history of the world, and with them the phenomena of ethics and religion."[6]

"Love then had no chance till the human mother came. To her alone was given a curriculum prolonged enough to let her graduate in the school of the affections. Not for days or weeks, but for months, as the cry of her infant's helplessness went forth, she must stand between the flickering flame and death, and for years to come, until the budding intellect could take its own command, this Love dare not grow cold, or pause an hour in its unselfish ministry.

"Begin at the beginning again and recall the fact of woman's passive strain.[7] A tendency to passivity means, among other things,

[6] Fiske, *Cosmic Philosophy*, Vol. II, p. 363.

[7] "The fact is everywhere emphasized in nature, that a certain constitutional difference exists between male and female, a difference inclining the one to a robuster

a capacity to sit still. Be it but for a minute or an hour does not matter; the point is that the faintest possible capacity is there. For this is the embryo of Patience, and if much and long nursed a fully fledged Patience will come out of it. Supply next to this new virtue some definite object on which to practise—a Child. When this child is in trouble the mother will observe the signs of pain. Its cry will awaken associations, and in some dull sense the mother will feel with it. But 'feeling with an other' is the literal translation of the name of a second virtue—Sympathy. From feeling with it, the parent will sooner or later be led to do something to help it; then it will do more things to help it: finally it will be always helping it. Now, to care for things is to become Careful; to tend things is to become Tender. Here are four virtues—Patience, Sympathy, Carefulness, Tenderness—already dawning upon mankind."[8]

While these facts of science help to bring more vividly to the mind the reality of maternity's divine mission to the human race, the record written on every human heart which has felt and known the care and kindness of a mother, keeps offering its silent testimony to the world that the influence of the mother upon the individual life is deeper and farther reaching than any other element that enters into life's experience. The mere statement of this fact sounds trite, so commonly is it taken for granted. But the ex-

life and implanting in the other a certain mysterious bias in the direction of what one can only call the womanly disposition.

"Now out of this initial difference—so slight at first as to amount to no more than a scarcely perceptible bias—have sprung the most momentous issues. For by every detail of their separate careers the two original tendencies—to outward activity in the man; *to inward activity*, miscalled passivity, in the woman—became accentuated as time went on. The one life tended toward selfishness, the other toward unselfishness. While one kept Individualism alive, the other kept Altruism alive. Blended in the children, these two master-principles from this their starting-point acted and reacted all through history, seeking that mean in which true life lies . . . The passage from mere Other-ism, in the physiological sense, to Altruism in the moral sense, occurs in connection with the due performance of her natural task by her to whom the Struggle for the Life of Others is assigned. That task, translated into one great word, is Maternity—which is nothing but the Struggle for the Life of Others transfigured, transferred to the moral sphere. Focused in a single human being, this function, as we rise in history, slowly begins to be accompanied by those heaven-born psychical states which transform the femaleness of the older order into the Motherhood of the new." *Ibid.*, pp. 257, 258.

[8] *Ascent of Man*, p. 288.

planation of its principles and of their relation to our personal lives can but fill us with awe and wonder.

"In the long stillness which follows the crisis of Maternity, witnessed only by the new and helpless life which is at once the last expression of the older function and the unconscious vehicle of the new, Humanity is born. By an alchemy which remains, and must ever remain, the secret of Nature, the physiological forces give place to those higher principles of sympathy, solicitude, and affection which from this time onward are to . . . determine a diviner destiny for the human race:[9]—

> "'Earth's insufficiency
> Here grows to event;
> The indescribable
> Here it is done;
> The Woman-soul leadeth us
> Upward and on.'"[10]

Yet the poets of the world have sung but little of this great silent love that lies closer to the heart of the race and goes deeper into the roots of being than all the wild impulses of human passion that ever shook the soul of man or woman. These are but the running of the tides of love upon the shores of life, in ebb and flow that at times, it is true, seem to break over being with a potency of strength so terrible as to threaten life itself. But love's tides are held to the foundations of life by a stronger power than mere transient passion; and their source runs too deep into the heart of being for the impulses of this passion to drain their depths. "Love is eternal; Sex transient. Its unbridled expression in individual natures, and its recklessness when thwarted, have given rise to exaggerated ideas of its power. In all uncontrolled forms, however, it becomes so immediate a menace to social order, that if it does not die out in self-destruction it is checked by the community and forced into lawful channels. . . . The idea that the existence of sex accounts for the existence of love is untrue. . . . In lower nature, as a simple fact, male and female do not love one another, and in the lower reaches of human nature, husband and wife do not love one another. . . .

[9] *Ibid.*, 259.
[10] *Faust*, Pt. ii.

Among savage people the phenomenon everywhere confronts us of wedded life without a grain of love."[11]

"Love then is no necessary ingredient of the sex relation; *it is not the outgrowth of passion.*"—Haeckel's "elective affinity of different cells," says the author of these quotations, is not "the physical basis of Altruism, though it may be the physical basis of a passion which is frequently miscalled Love; but Love itself, in its true sense as *Self-sacrifice*, Love with all its beautiful elements of sympathy, tenderness, pity, and compassion, has come down a wholly different line. . . . Love is love, and has always been love, and has never been anything lower. Whence, then, came it? If neither the husband nor the wife bestowed this gift upon the world, who did? It was a Little Child. . . .

[11] "The savage cruelty with which wives are treated by the Australian aborigines, is indicated even in their weapons. The very names 'Servant,' 'Slave,' by which the Brahman address their wives, and the wife's reply, 'Master,' 'Lord,' symbolize the gulf between the two. There are exceptions, it is true, and often touching exceptions. Travellers cite instances of constancy among savage peoples which reach the region of romance. Probably there never was a time, indeed, nor a race, when some measure of sympathy did not exist between husband and wife. But when we consider all the facts, it is impossible to doubt that in the region of all the higher affections the savage wife and the savage husband were all but strangers to each other. . . .

"To give love time, indeed, has been all along, and through a great variety of arrangements, the chief means of establishing it on the earth. Unfortunately, the lesson of nature here is being all too slowly learned even among nations with its open book before them. In some of the greatest of civilized countries . . . marriages are made only by a higher kind of purchase, and the supreme step of life is taken in the dark. . . . In primitive times there was no such thing as courtship. Men secured their wives in three ways, and in uncivilized nations so find them still. Among barbarous nations marriage is not a case of love, but of capture; among the semi-barbarous it is a case of barter; and among the imperfectly civilized—among whom we must often include ourselves—a matter of convention. The second of these—the purchase system—a slightly evolved form of marriage by capture—is one through which all human marriage has passed; and relics of it still exist in the *dos* and other symbols among nations with whom the custom of buying a bride has long since passed away. By degrading the object of barter to the level of a chattel, this system is a barrier to high affection. And in most cases this is heightened by the impossibility of that preliminary courtship which leads to mutual knowledge and intelligent love. The bride and bridegroom, in the extremer cases, meet as total strangers; and though affection may bud in after-years, the mingling of unknown temperaments, together with the destruction of reverence for woman by treating her as an article of barter, make the chances small of it blossoming into a flower." *Ibid.*, pp. 301, 303.

One day from its mother's very heart, a child drew forth the first fresh bud of a love which was not a passion, a love which was not selfish, a love which was an incense from its Maker, and whose fragrance from that hour went forth to sanctify the world."[12]

The mother is not only the great progenitor of love in human life, but love's roots have been planted so deep in the heart of the race by the growth of motherhood throughout the ages, as to make the faculty of loving, in our later generation of human lives, a ruling force that must work out either our salvation or destruction. The heart that has learned to love at a mother's breast cannot, even if it would, live without love in some form that may satisfy, or at least feed the craving for affection which was left within it, which grew with its growth and strengthened with its years, when the mother-love of childhood passed into the colder affection of maturity, and the loss of love's closer grasp upon its life left behind the void that only a later and more passionate realization of love can fill. These are not merely poetic imaginings, but simple facts by which some least fragment of love's mystery may be borne in upon the understanding,—a mystery which is the despair of human words to express.

> Love lieth deep; Love dwells not in lip-depths.
> Love wraps its wings on either side the heart,
> Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts,
> So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.—TENNYSON.

Life only teaches love; as love teaches life: deep, personal intimate knowledge of life in its hidden processes and in its higher manifestations in the heart and soul of humanity,—a knowledge gained either in the school of experience, or by the intuitions and teachings of enlightened minds which have become ennobled and spiritualized, not darkened and degraded, by knowledge; these are the *via media* to an understanding of love's primary laws, and to that holy reverence for these laws that bows down the soul of man in sweet subservience to love's least obligation; that makes him tender with humility under the least touch of love's hand; that teaches him to obey the helpless pleading of an infant's cry as a summons to duty more solemn than an imperial mandate of the state; that opens up to his soul, in moments when the spell of

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 306.

love is upon him, vistas of life eternal, glimpses of truth more searching than science could ever flash upon the human understanding.

"Not less necessary to the world than the Mother's gift of Love is the twin offering of the Father—righteousness. . . . For a long time the family-circle—the starting-point and threshold of the true moral life—was, as a circle, incomplete. . . . Scarcely defined at all, broken as soon as formed, the earlier circles allowed their strongest forces to escape almost at the moment they generated. But the walls grew higher and higher with the advance of history. The leakage became less and less. With the Christian era (preservation) was complete; the circle finally closed in, and became a secluded shrine where the culture of everything holy and beautiful was carried on. . . . Feebly but adequately, in the early chapters of Man's history it (the family) fulfilled its function of nursing love, the Mother of all morality, and righteousness, the Father of all morality, so preparing a parentage for all beautiful spiritual children which in later years should spring from them. . . . In a far truer sense than Raphael produced his 'Holy Family' Nature has produced a holy family. Not for centuries but for (ages) the family has survived. Time has not tarnished it, no later art has improved upon it, nor genius discovered anything more lovely. . . . From the bee's cell and the butterfly's wing men draw what they call the Argument from Design, but it is in *the kingdoms which come without observation* . . . that the purposes of Creation are revealed."[13]

FRANCISCAN LITERATURE.

IF the early chroniclers to whom we owe the first "Legends" of the Franciscan Order returned to earth, they would surely be not a little surprised to find some of the greatest literary critics of our day, laymen often and not always Catholics, banding together and forming international organizations for the scientific study of these self-same legends. For, paradoxical as it may seem in this materialistic and sceptical age of ours, if there is one subject on which

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 315.

the cultured and thoughtful minds of the day are more intensely interested than another, it is the study of the Sources, as they are called, of Franciscan history,—to wit, the first-hand impressions of St. Francis of Assisi committed to writing, on the very morrow of the Saint's death, by some of those who had been with him from the time when "he first began to have companions,"—documents which, after the vicissitudes of well nigh seven hundred winters, are still fragrant with the fragrance of the Franciscan springtide.

This revival of scholarly interest in the life and work of St. Francis of Assisi, which has been steadily growing in widening circles for the past twenty years, has at length reached a pitch of enthusiasm which, if not unequalled, is at least of an unusually active and searching kind. Certainly at no time have the Sources of Franciscan history been subjected to so rigid an examination. It is outside the purpose of this paper to seek the causes of the present active interest in matters Franciscan. Here we are concerned rather with the early Franciscan documents themselves, and with the current controversies as to their authorship and historical value.

Just six hundred and seventy-nine years have elapsed since the death of St. Francis, and in the interval a large literature has gathered round about his life. But withal, the real sources of Franciscan history, the works which have supplied the Saint's many biographers with most of their material, the well-springs, so to say, of Franciscan literature,—these works may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The First Legend of Thomas of Celano (*1 Cel.*); the Legend of the Three Companions (*Leg. III Soc.*); the Second Legend of Celano (*2 Cel.*)—all three written in the first half of the thirteenth century; and the Legends of St. Bonaventure, dating from 1263. Such, in briefest outline, are the original and authoritative sources of Franciscan literature which have come down to us and to which all subsequent works lead back as to the humble upper waters of a mighty stream.

Until recently, at least, matters stood in this wise. But in 1898, M. Paul Sabatier, a well-known non-Catholic French writer, edited under the title of the *Speculum Perfectionis*, or "Mirror of Perfection," a work which he contended was anterior to any of these. In fact, M. Sabatier maintained that the *Speculum* was nothing less

than a complete biography of St. Francis written by Brother Leo, the Saint's confessor, in 1227, or within a year of the Saint's death. The publication of this remarkable work served to divide the students of Franciscan literature into two camps, and to bring about no small controversy and confusion.[1]

But before speaking in detail of the *Speculum*, or rather in order to do so more clearly, it is first necessary to say a word as to each of the traditional sources of Franciscan literature already mentioned.

The Legends of Celano.

The ancient chroniclers of the Franciscan Order have preserved for us, independently of each other, a very precise and explicit tradition as to the Legends or Lives composed by the first biographers of St. Francis.[2] It may be summed up: Thomas of Celano wrote three books about St. Francis, namely: (1) the *Vita Prima*, or "First Life," written by order of Gregory IX, prior to February, 1229; (2) the *Vita Secunda* or "Second Life," compiled at the bidding of Crescentius of Jesi, then Minister General, as a supplement to the First—1244 to 1247; (3) the *Tractatus de Miraculis*, a treatise dealing only with the miracles of St. Francis, and written by order of another Minister General, Blessed John of Parma, about 1257.[3]

[1] See Prof. Andrew G. Little's interesting article on "The Sources of the History of St. Francis of Assisi," in the *English Historical Review* for October, 1902, for a synopsis of the controversial literature to which the *Speculum* gave rise.

[2] See, for example, Jordan of Giano, *Analecta Franciscana* (Quaracchi edition), t. I, p. 8; Salimbene, *Chronica Fratris Salimbene Parmensis*, O.M. (Parma, 1857), p. 68; Bernard of Besse, *Analecta Franciscana*, t. III, p. 666, and the *Chron. XXIV Generalium*, *Analecta Franciscana*, t. III, p. 262.

[3] Eleven MS. versions of the *Vita Prima* are known to students. Two of these, those belonging respectively to the Cistercian abbey of Longport and Convent of Fallerone in the Marches, are now lost, but have heen preserved for us in print by the Bollandists and the Conventual Rinaldi. The other nine MSS. are actually preserved in different libraries at Barcelona, Paris, London, Oxford, Montpelier, Evereux, and Heidelberg, Ossegg, and Würzburg. The oldest of these codices, in the opinion of Fr. Denifle, O.P., and other competent judges, is that of Barcelona (*Archivo de la corona de Aragon*, Ripoll n. 41). It is a Latin codex of the thirteenth century, and will form the basis of the forthcoming definitive edition of Celano's Legends, on which Fr. Edward d'Alençon, general archivist of the Capuchins, has long been engaged. (*Footnote continued on next page.*)

Thomas of Celano,[4] the author of these works, was a contemporary and close companion of St. Francis;[5] was often an eye-witness of what he records, and until recently was generally regarded as the one and only true exponent of the life and character of St. Francis. But there has lately arisen a new school of writers, led by M. Sabatier, who, for reasons that will presently appear, are doing all they can to discredit the historical value of Celano's works. It is, of course, well known that after the death of St. Francis bitter controversies raged within the Order as to the observance of the Rule, resulting in a division of the Friars into two parties, styled respectively by subsequent writers the Friars of the Common Observance and the Spirituals or *Zelanti*. Fierce party spirit was in the very air at the time Celano wrote, and the appeal of the contending parties was ever to the words and actions of St. Francis, which, it is to be feared, they exaggerated and perhaps even falsified, according to their respective views. It is obvious that such a condition of things exercised a most prejudicial effect upon the biographers of the Saint, in so far as they too, taking sides, made the lives they wrote the vehicle of their particular ideas. This is precisely the charge brought against Celano by M. Sabatier and his school. They tell us that Celano, being a man of indecisive character, was easily made the tool of the dominant party. Thus they aver that in his "First Life" he put the famous Brother Eleas in a good light, and so furnished weapons to the party of the Common Observance, whereas the

Of the *Vita Secunda*, only one MS., that of codex 686 in the town library of Assisi, was known until 1898. In January of the latter year, at the sale of the library of Prince Balthazar Boncompagni, Fr. Louis Antony de Porrentury, Definitor General of the Capuchins, procured another and hitherto unknown MS. of the *Vita Secunda*. It dates from the end of the fourteenth century, and is anonymous like the Assisian version. Although substantially the same as the latter, it contains some important omissions, transpositions, and additions, in many of which the hand of Celano himself has been recognized. The little codex contained, besides, a veritable treasure,—the *Tractatus de Miraculis*, by Celano, which was known to exist only by the formal attestation of the *Chron. XXIV Generalium*, and which seemed to have been lost forever. It is now in the archives of the Capuchins at Rome. It was published with valuable notes by Fr. Van Ortroy in *Anal. Bolland.*, t. XVIII (1899), pp. 113–176. It is described also by Fr. Edward d'Alençon in the *Miscellanea Francescana*, t. VII, fasc. Oct., 1898, p. 79.

[4] He is so named after the place of his birth, Celano in the Abbruzzi.

[5] See the introduction to the *Vita Prima*.

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
BOSTON ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY,
BRIGHTON, MASS.

"Second Life" affords a portrait of St. Francis which conformed rather to the ideal of the Spirituals. Moreover, it is urged that Celano's position as official biographer of Gregory IX often led him, if not to make a gross travesty of truth, to at least dissimulate and suppress many things. We are far from denying that the controversies which unfortunately ravaged the Order during the first century of its existence may have given some color to certain passages in Celano's works; indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. But it has yet to be shown that Celano is ever betrayed into anything unworthy of an upright biographer. Having no thesis to defend, he is content to narrate; he does not indulge in polemics. All his facts are unassailable; nothing of importance is suppressed or distorted. Witness, for example, his account of the early years of St. Francis' life as compared with St. Bonaventure's description of the same period.[6]

The worst that can be said in disparagement of Celano's writings is that their style is sometimes affected. But even if they lack that limpid simplicity which characterizes other of the early Franciscan documents, this fact detracts nothing from their historical value. Up to date no error or equivocation has been proved against Celano, and he still remains, in the face of false criticism with its allies, the first of Franciscan biographers in the order of time,—the very Father of Franciscan history. Moreover, his First Legend is, as Mr. Montgomery Carmichael has well styled it, "the oldest, purest, the only unimpugned source" of Franciscan biography.[7] So true is this that if this Legend be taken away, Franciscan history is left without foundation. And if Celano had not written at all, what would our knowledge of St. Francis amount to?

The Legend of the Three Companions.

In 1244, in a General Chapter of the Friars Minor held at Genoa, Crescentius of Jesi, then Minister General, called upon any of the Friars who might have special knowledge of St. Francis to furnish facts for a new biography. According to the opinion commonly received until recently, the work known as the "Leg-

[6] See 1 Cel., Cap. 1, *Ed.* Amoni; also Bonav. Leg. Maj., Cap. 1 (Quaracchi edition).

[7] See his article in the *Franciscan Monthly*, London, 1904, p. 312.

end of the Three Companions" was written in answer to this appeal, by Leo, Rufino, and Angelo, three of the holy twelve who were with the Seraphic Father from the beginning. We say *until recently*, for some ten years ago M. Paul Sabatier—the brilliant exponent of so many new and daring theories—broached for the first time the opinion that the traditional "Legend of the Three Companions," first published by the Bollandists,[8] and which had hitherto always been regarded as complete, was but a fragment of the original work.[9] This theory as to the fragmentary character of the traditional "Legend of the Three Companions" gave rise to another question hardly less important: "Is this traditional Legend genuine?" The learned Bollandist Father Van Ortroy did not hesitate to reply with a very emphatic negative, and to dismiss the traditional Legend as nothing better than a clever forgery, dating at earliest from the end of the thirteenth century.[10] Don Salvatore Minocchi, a well-known Florentine priest, advanced the theory that this traditional Legend was perhaps the long lost legend of John of Ceperano, and that we must look for the Three Companions' contribution to Crescenziu's appeal not to the traditional "Legend of the Three Companions," but rather to the *Speculum Perfectionis*.[11] Nor was the atmosphere cleared when Fathers Marcellinus da Civezza and Theophilus Domenichelli, two seasoned students of Franciscan history, came forward with a remarkable work[12] in which they professed to present for the

[8] *Acta S. S.*, t. II, p. 723.

[9] *Vie de S. François d'Assise* par Paul Sabatier, 1894 (Paris, Librairie Fischbacher),—*Étude Critique des Sources* (which is perhaps the most valuable and interesting part of this very suggestive biography), p. cxiii.

[10] "La Legende traditionelle des Trois Compagnons," he says, "est un habile pastiche datant au plus tot de la fin de XIIIme Siècle." See *Anal. Boll.*, t. XIX, (1900), pp. 119–197. M. Sabatier made an energetic reply to Fr. Van Ortroy, in the *Revue Historique* (t. CXXV), subsequently published in pamphlet form (Paris, Felix Alcan, 1901).

[11] See his *Nuovi Studi sulle Fonti biografiche di San Francesco d' Assisi* in the *Archivio Storico Italiano* (Florence, 1900), Vol. XXIV.

[12] *La Leggenda di San Francesco scritta da tre suoi Compagni, pubblicata per la prima volta nella vera sua integrità* (Rome, 1899). Fathers Marcellinus and Theophilus took the old text of Fr. Stanislaus Melchiorri (based on a MS. of 1577), and reconstructed the Latin text of the *Leg. III Soc.* Their edition has 79 chapters against 18 chapters of the traditional *Leg. III Soc.* It contains the first sixteen chapters of the traditional Legend and 63 new ones.

first time all the missing portions of the original "Legend of the Three Companions." This production caused no small sensation in the camp of Franciscan scholars. M. Sabatier recognized in it, not indeed the original Legend in its integrity, but an *anneau intermediaire*, as he terms it, between the traditional Legend and the original one.[13] Professor Goetz, on the other hand, attacked the authenticity of the work, which he regards as a production posterior to the Legend of St. Bonaventure.[14] As to the dedicatory letter of the Three Companions, addressed to the Minister General, and which is placed at the head of the Legend in every known codex,[15] Professor Goetz says this letter is perhaps nothing else than a mystification. It is certain, as Sabatier notes,[16] that there is no correspondence between the promise of this letter[17] and the performance of the Legends we possess. Father Van Ortroy and Don Minocchi have been led, in consequence, to deny the authenticity of the letter as well as of the Legend. Father Leonard Lemmens, the annalist of the Friars Minor, while rejecting the Legend as apocryphal, accepts the letter as genuine. He seeks[18] to explain the difficulty it presents by the theory that the Three Companions sent certain documents with this letter to the Minister General Crescentius in reply to his appeal, and that from these documents were compiled a version of the *Speculum Perfectionis*,[19] and the Second Legend of Celano. The principal parts of the Legend are, therefore, rightly ascribed to the Three

[13] See *Opuscules de Critique Historique*, Fasc. 7 (Paris: Fischbacher, 1903).

[14] See *Zeitschrift für Arch.*, 1903 and 1904.

[15] Eighteen versions of the *Leg. III Soc.* in MS. have been thus far noted by scholars. A complete list of them will be found in the introduction to the edition of Fathers Marcellinus and Theophilus. The oldest of these MSS. seems to be the codex of Ognissanti at Florence, to which Don Minocchi first called attention, and which was transcribed in 1370.

[16] See his preface to the *Speculum*, p. xx.

[17] A copy of the letter is given by Lemmens, *Documenta Antiqua Franciscana*, Pars I, p. 28 (Quaracchi, 1901).

[18] See *Documenta Antiqua Franciscana*, Pars II, p. 21.

[19] Found by Fr. Lemmens at St. Isidore's College, Rome. It is a fourteenth century MS., containing 44 of the 124 chapters in Sabatier's *Speculum*, and was published by Fr. Lemmens in 1901, under the title of *Speculum Perfectionis Redactio I.* (*Doc. Ant. Franc.*, Pars. II.) An interesting comparison between the *Speculum* of M. Sabatier and that found by Fr. Lemmens may be read in the *Voix de S. Antoine* (Paris), April, 1903.

Companions, Leo, Rufino, and Angelo, whose letter altogether convenes with the Second Legend of Celano.[20]

It will be seen, from these examples, that original theories as to the origin and composition of the Legend of the Three Companions have become the order of the day. In truth, the poor Legend of the Three Companions has become a very sign for contradiction; it remains, as the saying is, without a leg to stand on, and with the pen of every critic and would-be critic directed against it.[21] Whatever may be thought of the conflicting theories in vogue as to its origin, the authenticity of the traditional Legend is now called into question on such very good grounds that we can hardly regard it any longer as the wholly undisputed handiwork of Leo, Rufino, and Angelo, and as written in 1246.[22] Whether or not these Three Companions ever wrote any Legend at all is another question concerning which critics differ. Father Edward d'Alençon, archivist of the Capuchins, is sure that they did, and thinks that we do not possess it.[23] Father Leonard Lemmens, the annalist of the Friars Minor, is convinced that they did not, and believes, as we have seen, that in the Second Legend of Celano we have the response of the Three Companions to the appeal of Crescentius.[24] Without wishing to intrude an opinion in so difficult and delicate a question, it seems safest to say, with Mgr. Faloci,[25] that, with the documents now at hand, the question as to whether or not the traditional Legend of the Three Companions is integral and genuine remains well nigh insoluble,—*adhuc sub judice lis est.* Happily, however, the cause of Franciscan literature does not suffer much from the fact that the authenticity of this Legend has been called into question. At best the

[20] See Sbaralea *Supplementum Scriptorum Ordinis Minorum*, p. 673.

[21] The arguments against its authenticity are summarized by Lemmens, *Doc. Ant. Franc.*, Pars I, p. 22.

[22] To do so is quite misleading, as the London *Saturday Review* points out (Feb. 7, 1903), in a review of Miss Gurney Salter's English translation of the *Legend.*

[23] See his magisterial study of the whole question: *La Legende de S. François dite des Trois Compagnons* (Paris, 1902).

[24] Fr. Lemmens regards the traditional *Leg. III Soc.* as a supplement to Sabatier's *Speculum.* In many old codices they are found together, and hence Wadding has been unjustly reprehended for citing both works under the title of the *Speculum Perfectionis.*

[25] See *Miscellanea Francescana* (Foligno, 1902), Vol. IX, fasc. II.

Legend, as we possess it, is a disappointment; we might reasonably have expected much more from such a source.

The Legend of St. Bonaventure.

At the General Chapter of Narbonne, held in 1260, St. Bonaventure, then Minister General, was requested to write a life of St. Francis.[26] He did so in the course of the following year.[27] The *Legenda Major*, as it is called, was submitted to the General Chapter of Pisa, in 1263, and was afterwards officially approved. At the General Chapter of Paris in 1266, all the other Legends or Lives of St. Francis then in circulation were formally proscribed.[28] This somewhat draconic ordination, which seems to have been aimed at the destruction of the earlier Legends written by the Saint's companions, has called forth much hostile criticism on the part of modern hagiographers, as though it were in the nature of a deliberate attempt to "put out the light," to suppress the real Francis, and substitute a counterfeit in his stead. But to the unbiassed mind there is nothing to show that the decree in question was anything of the kind. Father Van Ortroy, S.J., endeavors to show that the Seraphic Doctor and the Chapter of Paris had by no means the intention of closing the primitive sources of information for the history of St. Francis, and that the edict of the Chapter is concerned only with the choir legends; that it

[26] See Wadding *Annales Minorum* ad annum 1260, n. 18.

[27] According to the *Chron. XXIV Generalium*, it was completed in 1261; see *Analecta Franciscana*, t. III, p. 328. The fact that St. Bonaventure wrote nearly thirty-five years after St. Francis' death, detracts nothing from the value of his biography, which, he tells us, was the fruit of a grave and very minute inquiry. It is based on information personally collected at Assisi and elsewhere from the surviving companions of St Francis, of whom Brother Leo lived until 1271. See the preface of the *Legenda Major* (Quaracchi edition), 1898.

[28] The text of this decree which, if we may believe Angelus Clareno (See Archiv. II, 265 seq.), was directed especially against 2 *Cel.*, is as follows:—

"Praecipit Generale Capitulum per obedientiam, quod omnes legendae de beato Francisco olim factae deleantur, et, ubi inveniri poterunt extra ordinem, ipsas Fratres studeant amovere, cum illa Legenda, quae facta est per Generalem, sit compilata prout ipse habuit ab ore illorum, qui cum beato Francisco, quasi semper fuerunt et cuncta certitudinaliter sciverint, et probata ibi sint posita deligenter." See Ehrle, *Die ältesten Redactionen der Generalconstitutionen des Franciscanerordens* ("Archiv für Litteratur und Kirchengeschichte des Mittelalters," 1891), p. 39.

adopts exclusively the *Legenda Minor* of St. Bonaventure,[29] so as to secure liturgical uniformity at Matins.[30]

Although the learned Bollandist, as is his wont, supports his contention with weighty arguments, he cannot be said to have rendered it certain.[31] In any case, in so far as the aim of the Chapter may have been to destroy the earlier legends, it was an attempt that failed. For in spite of this decree all the old Lives seem to have come down to us, with the possible exception of the Legend by John of Ceperano.[32] For the rest, while one cannot but regret the circumstances of the decree, we must none the less recognize its necessity in the highest interests of the Order. Reference has already been made to the deplorable dissensions existing among the Friars after St. Francis' death, as to the nature of the observance to be pursued, and to the prejudicial effect these dissensions had on the Saint's biographers. The Legend of St. Bonaventure was undertaken with a view to pacifying these unhappy discords. His aim was to present a general portrait of the holy founder which, by the omission of certain points that had given rise to controversy, should be acceptable to all parties. This conciliatory aim may be observed in the judicious way St. Bonaventure distinguishes between what St. Francis recommended and practised himself, and that which he strictly enjoined on his followers. In so far, then, as St. Bonaventure aimed at writing a life that would give satisfaction to all, his production has been rightly described by M. Sabatier as a *Legenda pacis*.[33]

But the composition of the *Legenda Major* was undertaken by St. Bonaventure, not only with a view to pacification within, but also with a view to edification without — a fact which goes far

[29] In addition to the *Legenda Major*, St. Bonaventure composed a smaller Legend for use in choir, known as the *Legenda Minor*.

[30] See his article in the *Anal. Boll.*, 1899, t. XVIII, fasc. II, p. 174. See also *Études Franciscaines* (Paris), Feb., 1900, p. 146, and the *Engl. Hist. Rev.*, Oct., 1898, pp. 704–8.

[31] See *Doc. Ant. Franc.*, Pars II, p. 11.

[32] Although Minocchi, as has been said, regards the traditional *Leg. III Soc.* as the missing Legend of John of Ceperano, whom Bernard of Besse (*Anal. Franc.*, III, 666) mentions among the four biographers of St. Francis. See *Arch. Stor. Ital.*, XXVI, 134.

[33] Sabatier: *Vie de S. François—Étude critique des Sources*, Edit. 6, pp. lxxxi, ff.

toward explaining why St. Bonaventure seems so comparatively oblivious to everything save what actually tends to establish and exalt the sanctity of St. Francis. Besides, we must bear in mind that St. Bonaventure wrote according to the temper of his day, and the Saint's earliest biographers did not look at his life from the same point of view as we do. For the hagiographers of the thirteenth century the purely historical features of the lives of the Saints, everything, in fact, which illustrated only their human side—features which we have come to regard as almost essential to our complete grasp of the subject—all these things were of little or no interest to the writers of St. Bonaventure's day. What wonder, then, if the Seraphic Doctor dwells rather upon the supernatural than on the natural element in St. Francis, in his *Legenda Major*, and lays greater stress on the interior life of St. Francis "hidden with Christ in God" (Col. 3 : 3) than upon the external features we look for so eagerly to-day. Moreover the Saint's aim was practical rather than scientific. He wished to portray St. Francis as a chosen servant of God, raised up to be the founder of a great religious order. Hence the favors bestowed upon the Saint, the sufferings he underwent, the virtues he practised, the miracles he performed—in a word, whatever might help to illustrate the workings of grace in his soul—are all graphically described. The result is that we have a picture of St. Francis which brings home to all who look upon it the lessons which the Saint's life seem to inculcate—an incomplete picture, it is true, but withal just such a picture of the Seraphic Father as his spiritual children required at that time.

Such, then, was the end St. Bonaventure had in view, and, having accomplished it in an incomparable manner, it is of small import if his biography does not conform to those canons of modern hagiography which would rid the world of the supernatural as of so much superstition.

This brings us finally to the legend which has of late years come to be described as the *legenda antiquissima*—"The Mirror of Perfection."

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Paterson, N.J.

(To be continued.)

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

Chapter XXV.—After Many Years.

THE next few days I was at my wits' ends to discover some way of breaking the eventful news to Mrs. Leonard, and securing her consent to a proposal that would lift her and her children out of poverty for ever. And I had also to suggest some little changes that would make the ravages of time and trouble less visible to the eyes of him who had kept his dream so faithfully all these years. This was no easy task, for if always extremely clean and neat, Nora Leonard had bidden farewell to all human vanities for evermore. I threw out a few little hints that she might have unexpected visitors; that her cousin, Father Curtin, might call; and that really she should tidy up things, etc. I saw my words fall on unheeding ears; and I simply determined to let matters take their course. I told the Yank this; and that he should be his own cicerone on the important occasion. He told me all afterwards.

He had dressed himself with unusual care that Sunday evening; and when the night fell, he went forth to reconnoitre. He had no difficulty about finding the wretched shop. It was unmistakable. The empty package-papers in the windows; the dim, paraffin lamp, swinging from the low ceiling, the strings of onions and red herrings, the tea-chests, alas! without tea,—all indicated the wretchedness and poverty of the place. As he sauntered up and down in apparent carelessness and listlessness, although his heart was beating wildly, and he had never been so nervous in his life, he caught a glimpse through the window-packages of a great glowing mass of auburn hair. He couldn't see the face; but his heart stood still. It was the same he had seen twenty years back beneath the hawthorn tree, with the setting sun glinting upon it. That settled matters. He gulped down something, pulled nervously at the cigar between his teeth, and stepped into the dingy shop. A tall, girlish figure arose and confronted him. Carried away by the extraordinary likeness to the

young girl he had parted from so many years ago, he could not help exclaiming:

"Nora!"

Then, in an instant, reason came to his aid, and he coughed, and said:

"Can you let me have some cigarettes?"

The girl flushed crimson, and then turned pale, as she stared at this unexpected customer. She went over to a little glass door and tapped.

The door opened gently, as the girl said:

"Mother, a gentleman wants some cigarettes. Have we any?"

And Nora Leonard, the girl who had bade him goodbye so many years ago beneath the hawthorn, and in the light of the setting sun, now came forward wearily into the dingy, dusky shop beneath the blurred and smoking lamp. His heart gave a great sob, as he saw at once the terrible change; but he said he would go through it to the end. "And if she is changed so much to me," he thought, "I must be equally changed to her. She can never recognize me."

"I'm afraid, sir," she said, looking vacantly around the wretched shop, "that we cannot oblige you. What we have are worthless. If you could call up at ——'s, or at the Hotel, you could get what you require."

"Wal," he said, "I guess I ain't particular. There just behind you is a package of 'Egyptians.'"

She turned to look. He saw how the crease in her hair had widened; and how grey was the knot she had looped up and tied behind. She put the package on the counter, and said:

"I fear they're mouldy, and must be thrown away."

"Wal, never mind, never mind," he said. "How much shall I pay?"

Something in his attitude or manner struck the mind of the poor woman; for she got nervous and trembled. But she said:

"Would you consider sixpence too much?"

The wretched price she asked, denoting extreme poverty, and her attitude of beseeching humiliation, touched the strong man deeply. He placed a half-crown on the counter, and she said:

"I fear we haven't got the change, sir. Take it back, and you can pay when you call again."

She pushed back the coin toward him. He took it, and at the same time grasped her hand firmly, and said:

"Nora!"

The color left her cheeks instantly, and her eyes opened in affright, as she said, without disengaging her hand:

"Who? What is it?" and then, as the recognition flashed suddenly upon her: "Ted!"

"Yes!" he said. "I'm glad you know me. I thought I should be too much changed."

For some seconds, these two, so long parted, stared at one another in silence, the strong man's hand resting softly upon hers. The quick recognition gratified him exceedingly, as he looked and looked, and tried to reconcile the changed figure and features with what he had known. At last she said:

"It is just as if you came back from the grave!"

"I'm glad you had not entirely forgotten me," he said.

"How could I?" she replied, almost unconsciously. Then the possible meaning of her words flashed back upon her, and she blushed. In the sudden transformation, he thought he saw the Nora of his dreams again. But this vanished; and it was only a broken, almost aged widow that confronted him.

"And this is your daughter, I suppose?" he said, disengaging his hand, and stretching it out to Tessie. "She is so extremely like what you—like you, I mean," he stammered, "I actually called her 'Nora' when I came in."

"An' how long have you been home?" Nora inquired.

"A couple of months," he replied.

"An' you never called before?" she said, reproachfully.

"I was laid up at the hotel," he said. "I received a hurt."

"Then," she said, as a new light dawned upon her, "you're the Yank all the town was talking about?"

"I suppose so," he said, smiling. "I was never made so much of before, I think."

"And it was you, I suppose, the parish priest wanted me to go and nurse!"

"I believe so," he said. "I'm sorry you didn't accept his Reverence's offer. You'd have spared me some suffering."

"Then," she replied, as the light of great solicitude dawned in her eyes, "you were bad?"

"Wal," he replied, "I wasn't exactly bad. But you can guess how lonely and miserable a fellow would feel in a strange place, and not a human being to exchange a word with for weeks."

She felt a curious kind of remorse as if she were to blame for all that dreary time he had spent; and her face showed it.

"If you had known it was I," he said, noticing her look, "you'd have come? Say you would."

She shook her head.

"No, Ted," she replied. "I would not, though I am sorry for you, and all you went through. Let bygones be bygones!"

"You're changed, Nora," he said, sadly. "And I suppose so am I. But I wanted to ask you a few questions about them that are gone."

"Won't you come into the parlor?" she said, he thought, reluctantly. "There's no one here but Kathleen. The place is very small and narrow," she added, apologetically.

It was—very small and narrow, and ill-furnished. A few shaky, old chairs, the cretonne covering them faded and soiled; a dark cupboard in one corner; a few prints on the mantelpiece flanked by some paper flowers, and the table at which Kathleen sat,—that was all. A wretched hand lamp, smoky and bleared, such as would hang from a stable wall, gave poor light, and must have strained the sight of the girl whose long hair swept the pages of the book she was reading. He thought of his own comfortable cottage by the lake, and beneath the Sierras; of the rich furniture brought all the way from New York; of the veranda, hidden under wild, luxuriant creepers; of the easy chairs and lounges, the books and pictures; and once again, his heart gave a great sob.

Kathleen looked up from her book, Joyce's *Child's History of Ireland*, and stood up to go as the stranger entered. She gave him a long, deep, searching look, and held out her hand in a cold, curt greeting. Her mother said:

"You needn't go, Kathleen. This is an old friend."

The girl sat down, and without taking further heed, bent her head over her book again.

He took the proffered chair, and said:

"Would you mind my smoking, Nora?"

He didn't care about smoking just then; but his nerves were trembling, and he was making great mental attempts to control himself.

"No," she said, simply.

He smoked in silence for a few seconds. There was no sound in the room. Kathleen was bent down over her book, yet somehow he felt her keen gray eyes searching him again and again. At last, with some hesitation, he said:

"I heard that mother died soon after I left for America?"

"Not very soon," said Nora, rising to kindle the wretched fire, which served for cooking, heating, and every other domestic purpose. "I think you were gone about six months when she sickened. Then she lingered on and on for twelve months more. And then she died."

"What was her ailment?" he asked.

"Some said one thing, and some said another," replied Nora. "The doctors said it was a decline, but she herself always said it was a broken heart."

It was the blunt truth; but then Nora always was blunt, and he liked her not the less for it.

"You kept your promise, Nora," he said. "I know you did."

"What promise?" she asked.

"That you would go see her often, and that you would tell her all that I told you."

He spoke as of events that occurred yesterday. Twenty-five years had rolled back and left no trace to obliterate the anguish and passion of that time.

"Yes," she replied simply. "There was hardly a day some of us didn't go to see her. Donal Connors was a great friend in the time of trouble."

"He was a good man. Is he alive still?"

"He is, indeed, and as strong as ever. He has a houseful of children about him now."

"But the other part of your promise? Did you give my mother my message?"

"I did," she said, quietly. "But one deed is worth more than many declarations," she added.

Again it was the bitter truth she was speaking. He felt it

deeply. He knew that the deadly blow he had given his mother was not to be healed by empty protestations of sorrow.

"Looking back upon it all now," he said, in self-defence, "I do not think I could have done anything else. I think I was right in getting away. I could never undo the injury. I could never get back that one word."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so," said Nora. "It wasn't the word you said that killed your mother, but your backing up that word by abandoning her forever."

"But, how could I go back, and face her and father again?" he argued. "I faced the world, the sea, the mountains, the prairies, wild beasts, wilder men, rather than look upon her sad eyes reproaching me."

He had flung his cigar into the grate; and rubbed his hands across his eyes. These he kept shaded now. Kathleen had closed her book, and was watching him intently.

After some moments, he stood up to go. Nora said:

"Are you going back soon?"

"Yes!" he replied, blinking at the bleared lamp. "What should I do in this unhappy country?"

"I hope things have gone well with you over the water," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "everything has prospered with me. So far as worldly goods are concerned, I have no reason to be dissatisfied."

This implied some exception to his general happiness, which his listeners were not slow to perceive.

"Yet one cannot help feeling an exile, and a hankering after old ties!" Nora said.

"True! But it wears away. Especially," he added, "after you have once come back, and seen all your dreams flung to the winds."

Nora flushed up, and stooped down to the fire to conceal her confusion, although the Yank had not a thought of what was in her mind.

"You dream over there," he continued, "of the blue mountains, the silver river, the whitethorn in the May-time, the dance, the hurling-match, the boys and girls you knew. You feel you

must see it all again, or die. You come back. All is desolation and loneliness and ruin. The mountains are there and the rivers and the blossoms and the wild flowers and the leaves; but it is a land of the past,—no present, no future! Do you know that I walked four miles to Templeruadhan on last Thursday, and never saw a human being,—not a living thing but a couple of donkeys and a goat!"

"And who's to blame for that?" said Kathleen with flashing eyes, now for the first time breaking silence. "I'll tell you. 'Tis you Irish-Americans, who fly from your country, and then try to make every one else fly also."

"Thank God!" he said, smiling sarcastically. "I feared you were dumb!"

"No, nor deaf, nor blind," she said angrily. "'Tis ye, the recruiting-sergeants of England, that are sweeping the people away with your letters: 'Come! Come! for God's sake, leave your cabins, and come out to wealth, and comfort.' And *ye* are patriots!"

She spoke with intense sarcasm, her gray eyes glowing with passion.

"I'm almost tempted to say, in your own words," he replied smiling, "'Come! Come!'"

"No!" she said, stamping her little foot. "If you were to give me all the gold in California, and all the silver in the Rockies, I wouldn't leave my own country."

"There, Ted, don't mind her," said her mother. "She has picked up all this nonsense from Thade Murphy. I suppose you'll come to see us before you go?"

He lingered behind. The momentous question that had been on his lips for twenty-five years remained unsaid. He could not say how he was defeated. Everything was against him. He said, "good-night!" lingered for a few moments, talking to Tessie in the wretched shop, and went back to his hotel to fight with his conscience and sense of honor.

"What more can I do?" he reasoned. "I have had the best intentions and see how they are frustrated. Evidently, Nora regards such a thing as out of the question. And yet——"

The truth was, the old figure and face had glimmered away

into that dream of the past of which he had spoken. He had seen, and been undeceived. Time, which he thought had stood still, had been marching ever onward, and leaving his footprints everywhere.

"I'll bluntly put the question some day this week," he said. "And then ——"

He stood undecided. He was afraid to say what he thought. A new dream had come into his life, and the old dream was fading as a second rainbow melts beneath the brightness of the first. He was ashamed to admit it. Nevertheless, he sat down and wrote the agent of the line he travelled by to give him a month's grace.

Chapter XXVI.—An Ancient Rebel.

"Well," I said to him a few days later, "all's well? And you're 'off to Philadelphy in the mornin'?"

"No," he said, but not too sadly, I thought. "All went wrong; and I blame a young spitfire for it. If that's the class of young girls that are being reared in Ireland now, you'll have another rising before twenty years."

"Kathleen?" I asked.

"Yes!" he said. "She hadn't the good manners to leave the room; and, it struck me, that Nora didn't wish it either."

"But you'd have said all you wanted to say," I suggested, "if Kathleen had not been there?"

"Y-e-s!" he said, I thought dubiously. "I'd have ended the matter then and there for ever."

"Then you saw no great change?" I asked.

"Ah, there is, Father," he replied, candidly. "I could never believe that time could work such havoc."

"And still you are determined?"

"Yes!" he said. "But I think 'tis useless. I saw that Nora was as nervous as myself, and I think she was relieved when I left. But, now, if Tessie had been there instead of that young rebel—by the way, where did she pick up these revolutionary ideas? Do they teach these things in the convents now?"

Then he mentioned all the details of his visit.

I was not much surprised at these developments of my young

friend, Kathleen. With all kinds of tendencies to tomboyism, she showed occasionally indication of a character self-willed and stubborn, yet generous and enthusiastic. She was the plague and the darling of her own class. She got more premiums and stripes than any other girl. But she never got a prize for what is called "lady-like deportment." It was difficult to get an act of contrition from her for her misdemeanors; but it was very genuine when it came. Many a time I had to lift her, when an infant, in my arms off the stool of repentance, where she had been placed, face to the wall, and shamefully covered with her pinafore. Her little frame would be rigid as iron under the stress of strong passion; and then would melt away into limpness when the soft spot in her heart was touched. It was clear that this young, strong character would take its decided bias from circumstances; and the circumstance was near at hand that made her a bigoted little rebel, and in her own imagination, and that of her teacher, an Irish Joan of Arc.

Just across the street was another huckster's shop, with somewhat greater pretensions than Mrs. Leonard's, because there pigs' heads were sold; and I know Mrs. Leonard never ventured beyond red herrings. It was owned by a Mrs. Murphy, a good, kindly, *grauver*, Irish matron, who was proprietress and factotum in the establishment. Her husband, Thade Murphy, was blind, and never ventured abroad but to Mass on Sundays. In the long summer evenings he would come out and sit and smoke on the stone bench outside the shop window, and roll his poor sightless eyes around, and welcome every one who stopped for a little *seanchus*. But during the long winter evenings he never appeared, but smoked by the kitchen fire, and dreamed of the past. It was eventful enough. He, too, had been a 'sixty-seven man; and if all the young fellows who went out that bitter night in March, thirty-five years ago, were not pronounced rebels, not one man came back from the short-lived revolution who was not the sworn foe of foreign domination in Ireland. For a few years Thade Murphy pursued his usual avocation of carrier between the village and the railway; then the ophthalmia contracted on the mountain snows became aggravated by constant exposure to the weather, until it terminated finally in total blindness. I often urged him to

go to Cork and put himself under surgical treatment. No! It was the will of God, and there was no gainsaying it. He tried all local remedies—hypothetical and infallible—but they failed him. Even the "fasting-spit," three times each morning, did not succeed. And then with the resignation, the fatalism of the race, he gave up remedies, and calmly accepted his fate.

Kathleen Leonard, like all children, was in and out of the shop at all times. When she was in the sixth standard, and able to read fluently, she would often spend half an hour with the blind man in the kitchen, reciting scraps of poetry, or reading little passages from her school-books to while away the lonely hours for the poor, stricken fellow. By degrees she ascertained his predilections in reading, and adapted herself to them. And so, A. M. Sullivan's *Story of Ireland*, *The Penny Readings from the "Nation,"* etc., became favorite books; until at last the pupil went beyond her master, and caught the sacred fire to create a conflagration. No wonder! A calm Englishman said once to the present writer, speaking of England's treatment of Ireland: "'Twas appalling!" A very conservative Irishman declared: "It turns my blood into molten fire." It was no great surprise, then, that a young, ardent, impetuous nature like Kathleen's, should have flamed into rebellious sentiments, which, though we smiled them down, were very real and pronounced. It was only by degrees the truth dawned upon us; and strange enough, it was sufficiently singular to cause some comment.

"I don't know where she got it, I'm sure," said her mother. "'Twasn't from me; I have had something else to think about; and surely 'twasn't from her father. It must be that old Thade Murphy has turned her head."

"The children now don't trouble much about Ireland and her nationhood and her welfare," I remarked. "Whilst the 'American fever' is on them, they care little for the motherland. It is some consolation at least that one child has righteous sentiments toward her country."

"You always stand up for her, through thick and thin," said Mrs. Leonard. "You and Thade are her sponsors. The only thing where he differs from your Reverence is, that you'll make a nun of her, and he says she'll be married to some fellow who has

been in gaol three or four times; and she'll be the mother of another Robert Emmet."

"Not a bad thing either," I said. "She'll be the happy woman, if that's the choice that's left her."

Soon, however, Kathleen's fervor became a troublesome element in our little quiet village lives. She became openly insubordinate in school. Part of the programme for Inspection was the recitation of certain poetical extracts in the school-books. And these had not only to be carefully committed to memory, but delivered with right intonation and emphasis. It happened that Macaulay's "Horatius" was one of the pieces selected; and in this the sixth standard was drilled and drilled every day. On the very eve almost of the Inspection, the class was marshalled as usual; and the monitress, full of zeal, was demanding a full and scientific rendering of the noble lines. Each child had a stanza to herself, and when it came to Kathleen's turn, the monitress said:

"Go on, Katty Leonard."

Kathleen hesitated.

"Go on, miss! 'Then out spake brave Horatius.'"

Kathleen's hands hung rigid by her side, her little fists clinched tightly as to the utter consternation of the monitress she said in a firm, passionate tone:

After Aughrim's great disaster—

"No, no, no," cried the monitress. "What ails you, child?

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate."

Then the storm burst. With blazing eyes, the girl went on, without stopping, whilst the monitress sat paralyzed:

After Aughrim's great disaster,
When our foe, in sooth, was master,
It was you that first plunged in and swam
The Shannon's boiling flood;

And through Slieve Bloom's dark passes,
You led our Gallowglasses,
Altho' the hungry Saxon wolves
Were howling for our blood.

And as we crossed Tipperary,
We reived the clan O'Leary,
And drove a *creacht* before us,
As our horsemen southward came.

With our spears and swords we gored them,
As through flood and flight we bore them.
Still, Shaun O'Dwyer, *a chorra*,
We're worsted in the game.

There was consternation in the class. Some of the girls tittered, some turned pale at the awful audacity. The monitress bit her lips, and said:

"Go on, Miss Leonard, go on. Perhaps there is more of this kind."

There was dead silence now in the school. Those who were reading stopped suddenly; pencils ceased to rattle on slates; and pens were held suspended over the ink-wells. The sudden notoriety and the monitress' sarcasm touched the girl's pride, and she continued with evergrowing emphasis:

Long, long we kept the hillside,
Our couch hard by the rill-side;
The sturdy knotted oaken boughs
Our curtains overhead;

The summer's blaze we laughed at,
The winter's snow we scoffed at,
And trusted to our long steel swords
To win us daily bread;

Till the Dutchman's troops came round us,
In fire and steel they bound us;
They blazed the woods and mountains
Till the very clouds were flame;

Yet our sharpened swords cut through them,
In their very heart we hewed them—
Oh! Shaun O'Dwyer, *a chorra*,
We're worsted in the game.

"Perhaps you are not quite finished yet, Miss Leonard," said the monitress. "Go on. You had better end, as you've begun."

Nothing loath, Kathleen continued:

Here's a health to your and my king,
The sovereign of our liking;
And to Sarsfield, underneath whose flag
We cast once more a chance;

For the morning's dawn will bring us
Across the seas, and wing us
To take our stand, and wield a brand
Among the sons of France.

And though we part in sorrow,
Still, Shaun O'Dwyer, *a chorra*,
Our prayer is: "God save Ireland!
And pour blessings on her name!"

May her sons be true when needed—
May they never feel as we did,
For Shaun O'Dwyer *a glanna*,
We're worsted in the game.

The monitress was crying with vexation, when the mistress of the school came to inquire what it was all about. Kathleen was pale with excitement, but defiant, as the matter was solemnly reported.

It was a bad breach of discipline; and could not be overlooked. And my services were requisitioned. Now, although of fairly equable temperament in ordinary life, Rhadamanthus on his sooty throne could not hold a candle to me, where law and order are concerned. The following day I called over the delinquent to the seat of judgment. She came, alarmed, but defiant.

"This is a nice condition of things, young lady," I said. "Let me see! Insubordination, disobedience, contumacy, contempt, rebellion, and revolution,—all in one act!"

"I couldn't help it," she said, her lower lip trembling.

"You couldn't help it," I repeated, sarcastically. "Then, you didn't know your poetry?"

"I did, but——" as a great big tear gathered and fell.

"But what?" I exclaimed, not a bit softened.

"But—(*sob*)—I thought (*sob*) that (*sob*) we shouldn't (*sob*) be praising (*sob*) those old Romans, (*sob*) for what (*sob*) our own countrymen (*sob*) did as well (*sob*)."

"That's all right," I said unrelenting. "But do you think it right for a little girl—I beg your pardon, a young lady—like you, to take the law into your own hands?"

There was no answer to this, but a good deal of weeping behind her pinafore.

"Now, do you know what will become of you, if you go on in this way?"

"I (*sob*) don't!"

"Well, let me first tell you the consequences to others. If that unruly recitation of rebel poetry was reported to Dublin, one or two Commissioners would get sudden and awful deaths. And if it reached the Treasury in London, do you know what would happen?"

"I do—don't."

"Well, I'll tell you. They'd send the Channel Fleet to Queenstown, and perhaps they might go so far as to call up the North Cork Militia."

She looked at me dubiously.

"That would mean," I continued relentlessly, "placing two or three millions more of taxation on the broken backs of Irishmen; and all because a little girl won't have the sense to keep her patriotism within bounds."

"But, sure you often said yourself——"

"Never mind what I said. But now coming back to yourself, do you know what will happen to you? Well, you'll be transported to Botany Bay, or Pentonville, or Mountjoy; you'll have to sleep on a plank bed—do you know what a plank bed is?"

"I heard (*sob*) of it; but I never saw (*sob*) it."

"Well, don't fret! You will, and the experience won't be pleasant. A plank bed is a medium between a feather tick and a flagged floor. And you'll have to eat skilly out of a rusty iron spoon; and dress these luxuriant tresses of yours, if they're not cut off, with a dirty comb, with no teeth in it, and which has been used by every virago and drunkard for the last twenty years."

She gave a little shudder here.

"And you'll have to wear a thick, bulky dress of frieze, with the Queen's arrow marked all over it, and white worsted socks, and boots that never saw the color of blacking. But, it will be right. I'll go to see you sometimes; and, I'll recite for you through the keyhole of your dark cell:

Ah, Kathleen, *a chorra*,
Sure, you're worsted in the game."

This sarcasm made her mad; so she dried her tears defiantly. I had then to speak to the school, and explain the nature of her penance.

"I've told this young lady already the nature of her offence, which is a gross breach of school discipline. She may be right, or she may be wrong in preferring 'Shaun O'Dwyer a Glanna' to 'Horatius.' That's a matter of taste. But no child has a right to take the law into her own hands. That would mean a subversion of all discipline. You have a right to constitutional agitation for the redress of wrongs, or the assertion of rights. But whilst the regulations are there in black and white, they must be respected. Now, there is an amiable custom in the great public schools of England to compel misdemeanants both to contrition and reformation of character. That is, boys are punished for mistakes in their class-lessons by being compelled to write out fifty or a hundred lines of Virgil or Homer. They are thus taught that it is easier to say one line well than to write fifty. And so, Miss Kathleen Leonard will bring me to-morrow, written out in her own well-known Civil Service style, and the Civil Service is that of England, whose calligraphy she is so proud in copying, the whole and entire of that famous lay by Lord Macaulay called 'Horatius.'"

There was a great sigh, I don't know whether it was relief or consternation, when the dread sentence was passed; and the business of the school resumed.

Next day, just at twelve o'clock, I called up the delinquent. She came forward, shamefacedly, with bent head, and handed me her copy-book, wrapped in brown paper, and tied with red tape.

"All right!" I said. "I'll take it home and study it at my leisure. But mind you, if there is one line missing, or one word misspelt, you'll have to write it all over again."

I took it home, and forgot all about it, till after tea-time. Then I took it up, having first placed the *Lays of Ancient Rome* open on my desk. What I saw was this, written in the firm, upright hand I knew so well:—

ONE WILD HURRAH!

(*A Lay of Modern Ireland.*)

I.

I'm growing old, my hair is white,
My pulse is dull;
I know no more the fierce delight
Of life, when full.

II.

The frail bark of my life sweeps on
To that dark sea,
Whence murmurs the dread monotone—
Eternity!

III.

And nothing stirs the withered leaf,
Wrinkled and sere.
I smile not; and the keenest grief
Declines a tear.

IV.

I'm dead; but for this fluttering breath
My marble smiles
Down the long lines of conquering Death
In twilight aisles.

V.

And yet, dear God! if still the day
Would dawn for me,
When I could catch the first, faint ray
Of Liberty;

VI.

If thwart mine eyes the light did flash
From Freedom's flags
Borne in the wild tempestuous dash
That downward drags

VII.

That banner, black with blood—the thirst
Of alien hosts;
If once mine ear could hear the burst
That drowns their boasts;

VIII.

And I could list the thrilling tramp
Of marshalled men,
Borne from serried camp to camp
In dell and glen;

IX.

And, if the emblazoned bannerets
Of Freedom shone
Above the snowy minarets
Of Slieve-na-mon;

X.

I'd gaze into my gaping tomb
Without a sigh;
I'd bless amid the gathering gloom
My God on high:

XI.

Then, catch one gasp of fading breath
From Time's grim claw;
And speed along the gulf of Death
One wild Hurrah!

I rubbed my eyes. Then my spectacles. There was no mistake. I turned over every other page of the copy-book. They were blank. It was a spick and span new copy-book. There was no other mark, but a pen-and-ink sketch of a round tower, a wolf-dog, and Erin, represented by a young lady, probably Kathleen herself, with great flashing eyes, helmeted head, hair coiled up in a Grecian knot, a flashing sword in her right hand, and the broken links of a chain at her feet. In a corner were the words:

KATHLEEN LEONARD,
For THADE MURPHY, *Rebel and Patriot.*

"What did you do?" Well, never mind. You may be sure I did the right thing. I always do. I only introduce the circumstance here to show how Kathleen became chief actor in the *denouement* which was now rapidly approaching. And it dawned on my slow imagination at the same time that this was no longer a child, but a woman. The mighty emotion that had been stirred

within her soul had transformed her suddenly; and though I still treated her as a school-girl, I felt that she was altogether a different being from the little hoyden who used to sing to vex her mother:

I won't be a nun,
And I sha'n't be a nun,
And my parents often told me
That I won't be a nun.
There's an officer on guard,
And 'tis with him I will run,
And my heart is full of pleasure,
And I won't be a nun!

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

(To be concluded.)

THE ISLAND CATHEDRAL OF TORCELLO.

"Short sail from Venice sad Torcello lies,
Deserted island low, and still and green.
Before fair Venice was a bride and queen
Torcello's court was held in fairer guise
Than Doges knew. To-day death-vapors rise
From fields where once her palaces were seen,
And in her silent towers that crumbling lean
Unterrified the brooding swallow flies."

WE were in Venice, and over us was the bluest of Italian skies, and the blue unclouded weather which so contents the senses and puts one so much at ease with all the world, had cast over us its charm. Our way was by steamer to Torcello, seven miles away. Going down the Grand Canal from the Riva, past the Public Gardens with their wealth of trees and shrubbery, and the Cemetery of San Michele—the island home of the dead with its lone melancholy cypresses and grim, high brick walls—and then turning to the north, we picked our way on the broad expanse of lagoon in which are many routes marked out, picturesquely, with tall posts. The sea was dotted with boats. On the shore to the east, riding lazily at anchor, lay dark weather-beaten vessels from the ports of the Adriatic, fishing smacks from Chioggia with patched red and orange sails hurried

homeward, and belated boats loaded down to the water with bright colored fruit and greens made their way toward the city. Between us and the low-lying shore lay small islands, each with a stretch of sand, a tall *campanile*, a house or two, and here and there a lone cypress; beyond them beautiful green country; and, in the distance before us, against the blue of the heavens, the dark masses of the Alps, a line of snow marking the meeting of earth and sky.

Through wide spaces of open lagoon, then through narrower channels, on we went to our first landing place, Burano, a musty little city with a piazza, a Duomo, and a Grand Canal,—a Venice in miniature. Judging from the numbers that crowded down to the pier and greeted us cordially, most of the population was out. Children half clad, begging, dogged our steps, others, small maids of four and five, each with a pillow on her lap, posed at the door of her home as a lace-maker until we had passed; then, fascinated by the charm of a crowd, deserted work to follow the "Inglesi," as all foreigners are termed. Nearby in a school on the piazza we found the real lace-workers, between two and three hundred girls,—all remarkably pretty, with masses of lovely dark hair and dark liquid eyes. Here under royal and other benevolent patronage is going on a revival of the lost art of lace-making, which, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, flourished in all the principal towns of Northern Italy. At that time this art was at its height and artists of rank did not disdain to make patterns for ladies of fashion, so that the name and fame of the lovely Venetian "needle points" might spread abroad. Of these it is said: "The special character consists of high reliefs, ornamental figures either in solid or open work, artistically formed and arranged in petals, overlaid with fantastic flowers of very broad design, the open blossoms of which detach themselves from rich foliage of marvellous workmanship, and are connected by joining threads and very delicate network stitches."

For a time the stitches used in making this lace were known only to the inventors, but its fame reaching other countries, a demand for it caused imitations to spring up and also requests for workers to go abroad to introduce the art. A number went to France; and promptly the Venetian ambassador reported their

names to the Senate of his Republic, which caused the following decree to be issued:—

"If any workman or artist transports his art into a foreign country to the detriment of the Republic, he shall be sent an order to return; if he does not obey, his nearest relatives shall be imprisoned, so as to reduce him to obedience by his interest in them; if he returns, the past will be pardoned, and a position in Venice will be procured for him; if, in spite of the imprisonment of his relatives, he is still determined to live abroad, an emissary will be charged to kill him, and only after his death his relatives will be set at liberty."

It is unnecessary to add that the workers returned home. Nevertheless the art declined in time until it came to be almost lost. The present movement has as its object the revival of this beautiful work. Over the girls of Burano there presides the typical schoolmistress, explaining, superintending, and demanding of each young miss her best efforts. The surroundings are pleasant, the rooms large and airy, and through the open windows a charming view of sea and sky opens on which the eyes wearied with plodding over endless tiny stitches may rest.

The Duomo across the piazza need not detain the traveller, as it contains little of especial attraction. But we wanted to see the old Cathedral of Torcello on the island just opposite, which is the proud possession of Burano.

To-day there is no city of Torcello, no village even, only a few deserted ruins on a deserted island. The once populous city has dwindled down to a few houses grouped about a grass-grown piazza, and of inhabitants there are only a dozen or so to show the sights to the visitors who come from Venice. The story of the origin of the city is similar to that of her grander sister, the Queen of the Adriatic, and its records, its people, its arts, were practically those of the other island towns of the lagoon, all of which have the same characteristic features. History does not tell of the time when first these islands of the lagoon were occupied, but for one reason or another they became places of refuge at a very early date. In the third century, so it is said, the land dwellers of the adjacent coasts fled in numbers to the morasses of the sea, driven hither by invaders. Thus Venice was founded. In

641 the inhabitants of Altinum and Aquileia, fleeing from their hereditary foes, the Lombards, found a similar refuge on the islands further north. The story goes that, alarmed at the sight of approaching invaders, the townsmen of these two cities anxiously deliberated the question of escape, and while so engaged they noticed vast flocks of birds migrating seaward with their fledglings in their beaks. Regarding this as a sign from heaven directing them seaward, many fled southward to Ravenna, others crossed over to Pentapolis and parts of Istria; but a remnant, on the advice of their bishop, Paulus, fasted and prayed for three days, hoping thereby to obtain a more clear manifestation of God's will. At the end of the time they heard a voice from heaven like thunder say, "Ascend into the city tower and look at the stars." Obeying they beheld a vision of boats, ships, and islands, and this they interpreted as an indication that their course also was to be seaward, whereupon they removed their most precious possessions to the island of Torcello. There

> "Like the water-fowl,
> They built their nests among the ocean waves;
> And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
> Blew from the north or south—where they that came
> Had to make sure the ground they stood upon—
> Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
> A vast metropolis, with glistening spires,
> With theatres, basilicas adorned."

During the first ages of its existence Torcello enjoyed the doubtful advantage of protection from the Greek emperors, but later fell under the domination of Venice. In the tenth century so great was its importance that the Emperor Porphyrogenitus called it "magnum emporium Torcellanorum." However, for good and sufficient causes its glory soon waned. In the thirteenth century the debris of the river, which emptied into the lagoon at this point, began to choke up the wholesome salt canals and to poison the air with swampy malaria, and in the seventeenth century the city had so dwindled that the Venetian podesta removed his residence to Burano, though the bishopric established immediately after the settlement of the first refugees continued until 1814.

The location of the piazza of the ancient city, clearly marked

by a tall *campanile*, is at a distance from the boat-landing, at the mouth of a small canal half hidden by a growth of samphire and lilacs. Along this canal, leading to the piazza, wander lines of moldering wall, and a straggling path forms an uncertain guide opposite dusty vineyards. Awaiting the traveller at the landing are gondoliers ready to take him to the Cathedral. The writer preferred to walk; but a party of four "Inglesi," two gentlemen and their wives, deciding that the exertion of the walk would be too much for them, got into a gondola, soon finding that the dark, picturesque, bandit-like boatmen, as it would seem, admirably carrying out the traditions of their country, were in no hurry to start. The real reason for their lack of speed, however, was that the tide being out there was no water in the canal, and they were delaying as long as possible discovering the fact to the "Inglesi."

In Torcello we found a Cathedral, a baptistery, a *campanile*, two small museums, the stone chair in which Attila is said to have sat—though the connection between Attila and a city that did not come into existence until nearly two hundred years after he departed this earth suggested to us some doubts—a column or two, an ancient well sculptured with a Greek cross,—these grouped about a grass-grown piazza are all that is left of the former city.

The interest centres of course about the old Cathedral, which the best authorities agree in believing to be the original seventh-century church variously strengthened, refitted, and modified by subsequent care, yet in all the main features preserving its original aspect, except with regard to pulpit and chancel screen. In marked contrast to most of Venetian churches the Duomo of Torcello is rich with light. Within its walls no twilight gloom reigns as at St. Mark's; the general impression is one of luminousness, the high windows admitting a flood of sunlight. At the eastern end of the church the apse, which in the Italian churches forms usually a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, or monuments surrounded by beautiful stained-glass windows, is reserved for the choir seats of the clergy and a fine episcopal throne. These are shut off by a screen of marble exquisitely decorated with bas-reliefs of lions and peacocks, rich and fantastic rather than based on accurate knowledge of anatomy. Ruskin, who found utmost delight in

this island Cathedral, describes it at length in his *Stones of Venice*. He says :

"It has evidently been built by men in flight and distress; who sought in the erection of their island church such a shelter for their earnest and sorrowful worship, as, on the one hand, would not attract the eyes of their enemy by its splendor, and yet, on the other, might not awaken too bitter feelings by its contrast with the churches which they had seen destroyed. There is visible everywhere a simple and a tender effort to recover some of the form of the temples which they had loved, and to do honor to God by that which they were erecting, while distress and humiliation prevented the desire, and prudence excluded the admission, either of luxury or ornament or magnificence of plan. The exterior is absolutely devoid of decoration, with the exception only of the western entrance and the lateral door, of which the former has carved side-posts and architrave, and the latter crosses of rich sculpture; while the massive stone shutters of the windows, turning on huge rings of stone, which answer the double purpose of stanchions and brackets, cause the whole building rather to resemble a refuge from Alpine storm than the cathedral of a populous city; and, internally, the two solemn mosaics of the eastern and western extremities—one representing the Last Judgment, the other the Madonna, her tears falling as her hands are raised to bless—and the noble range of pillars which enclose the space between, terminated by the high throne for the pastor, and the semi-circular raised seats for the superior clergy, are expressive at once of the deep sorrow and sacred courage of men who had no home left them upon earth, but who looked for one to come, of men 'persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed. . . . '

"There is one circumstance which we ought to remember as giving peculiar significance to the position which the episcopal throne occupies in the island church, namely, that in the minds of all the early Christians the Church itself was most frequently symbolized under the image of a ship, of which the bishop was the pilot. Consider the force which this symbol would assume in the imaginations of men to whom the spiritual Church had become an ark of refuge in the midst of a destruction hardly less terrible than that from which the eight souls were saved of old, a destruction in which the wrath of man had become as broad as the earth and as merciless as the sea, and who saw the actual and literal edifice of the Church raised up itself like an ark

in the midst of the waters. No marvel if, with the surf of the Adriatic rolling between them and the shores of their birth, from which they were separated forever, they should have looked upon each other as the disciples did when the storm came down on lake Tiberias and have yielded ready and loving obedience to those who ruled them in His name who had there rebuked the winds and commanded stillness to the sea. And if the stranger would yet learn in what spirit it was that the dominion of Venice was begun, and in what strength she went forth conquering and to conquer, let him not seek to estimate the wealth of her arsenals or numbers of her armies, nor to look upon the pageantry of her palaces, nor enter into the secrets of her councils ; but let him ascend the highest tier of the stern ledges that sweep around the altar of Torcello, and then, looking as the pilot did of old along the marble ribs of the goodly temple ship, let him re-people its ruined deck with the shadows of its dead mariners, and strive to feel in himself the strength of heart that was kindled within them when first, after the pillars of it had settled in the sand, and the roof of it had been closed against the angry sky that was still reddened by the fires of their homesteads—first within the shelter of its knitted walls, amidst the murmur of the waste of waves and the beating of the wings of the sea-birds round the rock that was strange to them—rose that ancient hymn, in the power of their gathered voices : ' The sea is His, and He made it : and His hands prepared the dry land.' "

Connected with the Cathedral by a most picturesque little cloister is the baptistery or Byzantine Church of Saint Fosca, an original tenth-century edifice in the form of a bevelled square with three apses. On three sides are colonnades with round arches, twelve of which are of pure Greek marble with capitals enriched with delicate sculpture and much older than the church. The exterior is more interesting than the interior with its raised altar to the virgin martyr Fosca, who suffered in the persecution under Emperor Decius. Adjoining these buildings stands a *campanile* of ordinary light colored brick, commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. An old native, apparently the custodian of the place, sought to convey to us in somewhat mixed French one of the few ghost stories known to Venetians, this particular form of history not being a favorite one with them. It connects itself with the "Valle dei Morte" visible to the north,

where lie the great morasses crossed and recrossed by ditches in which fish are bred, and in which duck shooting goes on at different seasons of the year. Once upon a time in a small hut in the midst of the morass there dwelt together six fishermen and a boy, the son of one of the men. As the night was the usual time for fishing the men set out early each evening, leaving the boy to prepare breakfast for them on their return in the morning. On one particular occasion as they were nearing home they espied floating on the water the body of a man. They lifted the corpse into their boat and rowed home with it. The boy was watching for them, and when he saw the seventh man in the canoe, he thought him to be a fisherman who had fallen asleep. At the breakfast only six men appeared, and when the boy inquired why the seventh man delayed, he was told to fetch him. Twice he went and twice when he innocently reported that he was unable to rouse him he was tantalized by some of the men. The third time he was successful. The dead man rose and said, "Go tell them I am coming." The boy did as he was bidden, and soon after him the ghost entered and took a place at table. Transfixed by the sight, the fishermen sat watching him until their blood chilled in their veins. When the sun had risen, seven dead men sat around the board and the poor boy found himself alone with the dead. Here the story stopped.

As we returned from the *campanile* we met the tired quartette of "Inglesi" who had taken to the gondola; they were very red in the face, and not at all in a humor "to do churches." Hovering in the background, picturesquely posed on the bank of the canal were the gondoliers, who, after rowing them into a mud-bank, and requesting them to alight and walk to the Cathedral, had energetically demanded their pay for the troublesome job. And as the "Inglesi" indignantly refused to respond to this demand the gondoliers were upon their heels persecuting their victims. The "Inglesi," to judge from their perturbed state of mind, had not had a pleasant walk, and the prospect of a return trip, accompanied by a boat load of excursionists, was not an agreeable one. They remained in the church as long as possible. The gondoliers patiently waited outside, then at sight of them began their argument with wild gesticulations: "We went as far

as we possibly could. It was not our fault that the tide was out; it is, as you know, always out at certain times. This was one of the times. You chose an inopportune hour. We could do no more than we did. The Virgin in heaven can bear witness to that. What else could the 'Inglesi' desire?" Thus they screamed, threatened, ran up and down making grimaces and calling down the imprecations of heaven upon the heads of the blushing foreigners. Even after we had all boarded the steamer the excited boatmen rowed their gondolas close to the side of the vessel and from their place of vantage continued operations. Everybody laughed and urged the "Inglesi" not to pay them, each thinking of similar personal experiences. The boat began to steam up and the men clambered aboard, seemingly wrought to such a pitch of excitement that they were ready to fly off like Fourth of July pin-wheels. The purser interfered, driving them back to their boats. Finally the "Inglesi," rather than to be pursued longer, threw them a few *soldi*, whereupon their execrations turned to polite greetings of the most effusive kind. All felt a brotherly sympathy for the abused "Inglesi," yet secretly rather gloated over a lucky escape. The open lagoon, the calm beautiful evening, the lowering sun flaming behind the Euganean hills had scarcely soothed our spirits and put us into drifting mood as we went back to where

> "Underneath day's azure eyes,
> Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
> A peopled labyrinth of walls,
> Amphitrite's destined halls,
> Which her hoary sire now paves
> With his blue and gleaming waves."

MARY RICHARDS GRAY.

Chicago, Ill.

American Ecclesiastical History.

THE WORK OF MOTHER VERONICA.

Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.[1]

(Concluded.)

AKIN to the zeal which had animated Mother Veronica for the erection of a becoming chapel, where the Blessed Master to whom she had vowed her undivided service might make His earthly dwelling among His children, was her anxiety to build a suitable convent in which the religious could without hindrance follow the exercises of prayer and work imposed by their holy Rule. She had experienced the joy of seeing the beautiful tabernacle completed where the Divine Spouse would henceforth daily meet His daughters in that intimate communion of the Blessed Sacrament which was at once the food of their souls and the cheering light on their pathway to heaven. That chapel was at the same time an enduring memorial of the community's gratitude toward their priestly founder, whose body rested among them after his pilgrimage, and reminded them of the journey's end whither all the faithful members of the community would follow him to the Home of the Heavenly Bridegroom. But the lack of proper accommodation for the religious, and the distractions incident to inconveniently located and ill-constructed buildings, crowded rooms, and incomplete appointments, gave her motherly heart much concern, and she thought earnestly and prayed fervently that she might be enabled to raise the necessary funds for an immediate beginning of a roomy religious house in which the community could enjoy and profit by the advantages of conventual life.

Accordingly she had plans drawn up in which she carefully and with her wonted attention to detail and practical utility embodied the suggestions gained from experience in her previous work. After waiting four years she secured the immediate means

[1] See THE DOLPHIN, January, p. 76; February, p. 223; June, p. 718.

which warranted the undertaking of the actual work; and with the blessing of the ecclesiastical authorities she saw the first stone for the construction of the ground floor laid. The thought of having at length begun the work that seemed to complete the needful accommodation for her dear Sisters, gave her intense joy. Only for a brief month was this gladness of gratitude over the accomplishment of a long-cherished desire to lighten and animate her active supervision of the work. The foundation of the new building had been barely laid when the Divine Master knocked at the door of her cell to announce that He was ready to take her away with Him to the Mansion of religious life not built with human hands. She was to leave the completion of her task to other hands animated by the same spirit, whilst her own would now rest from toil, and the cares of her heart would be converted into permanent expressions of love and gratitude.

The new convent is planned to suffice for the needs of the present and prospective community in every respect. It is a substantial and commodious structure, the simplicity of which constitutes at once its beauty and its character as the home of a religious family. But we are not here concerned so much with the architectural features and appointments of the new Convent as with her who projected and laid the first foundation of it, and whose spirit pervades it as though she were still its earthly guardian.

The reader of the meagre sketch we have been allowed to give thus far of Mother Veronica's work, must have formed of her a picture which can hardly fail to be true. Yet no one who did not come into personal contact with her, or was privileged to get those more intimate glimpses into her domestic life which reveal the deeper recesses of supernatural motives on the one hand, and those natural intuitions which prompt the habitual exercise of a provident and kindly affection on the other,—no one, I say, who did not thus look into her more intimate life could form any adequate estimate of the fascination which Mother Veronica all unconsciously wrought upon those around her. That the Sisters, her special children, should cherish an affectionate remembrance of the solicitude she showed for their spiritual and temporal welfare during their years of novitiate and professed religious life,

may be readily comprehended. They might, indeed, easily magnify the virtues they saw in her, and which became to them patterns for imitation. But we have the spontaneous testimony regarding the beauty of character and person which distinguished Mother Veronica also given by those who were not drawn to admire her merely by the halo which common interests or what may be styled family attachments throw about the superiors who direct our daily lives under their protecting influence, and who make us continually feel the benefits of association with them, so as to arouse in us an abiding sense of gratitude and love. Among the friends who signified their sympathy on occasion of the death of Mother Veronica, there were many to whom her life had appealed as a simple illustration of certain remarkable gifts,—that is to say, of those qualities of mind and heart which render a person beautiful or great in our eyes, according to the value and emphasis which we happen to place upon such possessions, whether they are the result of natural endowment or of acquired virtue. Men of business, with whom her office as directress of the many charitable interests depending upon her guidance brought Mother Veronica necessarily into communication, have expressed their keen appreciation of the singularly clear judgment in business affairs, the ready tact with which she forestalled difficulties in matters that seemed wholly out of the range of her ordinary experience. There was in her no trace of that hurried anxiety, that eager pertinacity to carry out a preconceived wish, which is so natural an accompaniment in the character of the woman who possesses what we call genius. Genius, undoubtedly, she possessed. Her fine tastes, her intelligence of the advantages that a knowledge of art bestows, her own practical aptness for any work that required æsthetic sense and training, were evident on all occasions. Yet, whilst order and precision might be judged to be a result of artistic appreciation, they were found in her to an extent which indicated a marvellous power of self-control, of calm deliberation and method, which made her subordinate her personal likings and views to the claims of utility and the common good. We have before us a number of the letters mentioned above, from the trustees who met her in counsel; from leading members of the Vincent de Paul Society who coöperated with her in meeting the multiform needs

that called for attention and relief in the city of New York and elsewhere; from eminent and wise priests to whom she could unburden her soul at times of retreat, and when Monsignor Preston, or those who were ordinarily in position to advise her, could not be reached; and from friends near and far who enjoyed and profited by temporary or casual intercourse with her, and to whom her cordial readiness to help in every necessity, her sympathy in troubles of soul or body, and her prudent ways were a beacon in dark hours and a consolation amid the distractions that worldly interests bring with them. Many such have found the keenest joy even in the far-away memory of the kindnesses received at her hand. It is needless to say that these qualities were the result of a deep and abiding sense of God's presence, which made her see all things in the light of eternity, and thus attach to them that true value which proves itself permanent and consistent with the clearest insight of which purely natural wisdom is capable.

That her actions and even her motives would not escape criticism need not astonish us. Devout persons who act from supernatural motives are under a disadvantage in the matter of being rightly judged and treated by their fellowmen, even assuming that the latter are well disposed and wish to be just. There is, first of all, the balance of the world which weighs temporal interests according to their momentary value, making no allowance for the fact that the substance which men put in the scale of their appraisements is of a volatile nature and likely to evaporate under the influence of natural heat. Spiritual-minded people look not for size, weight, color; they know that the things which man makes, shrink, dry up, or fade. With the things which God makes, it is quite different. The small seed—though it breaks and seemingly corrupts and is hidden away out of sight under the ground—grows; it seems very light and weak, yet it forces its way through the heavy earth, without noise, without show; it seems so delicately frail and white, even as it comes forth shyly from the turf, like a sick child looking out upon the world of noisy joys; and yet in a little while the sun, which bleaches and dries to shreds the pretty colored things of our handiwork, gives it the fairest living tints of rainbow joys.

So it happens that the world forms its censures upon such acts

as seem to ignore present results and which patiently wait, against appearances, for a more permanent, though ordinarily imperceptible, growth. Next there is in the calm independence of spiritual-minded people who follow seemingly unprofitable and unwise ways of their own a certain semblance of mingled pride and criticism. We can all bear the pride of the foolish, or of the worldly powerful, because they make no pretence of humility; but when persons who have put out a sign that they mean to follow the counsels of perfection, calmly ignore our estimates of things and smilingly wave their hands and turn their eyes away from us, as if to say: "We do not need your help nor mind your interference," then their piety becomes irritating, all the more as there is a latent consciousness in everybody that, after all, the saints—though they may be wrong entirely—are in harmony with the teaching of the Master who warns us against the friendship and good esteem of the world. So we feel that these holy people, whilst they seemingly go out of our way, are really in our way; and they constantly hold up a standard of right and good which says to us: "You are wrong, or, what is worse—you are bad." Thus we come sometimes to dislike holy people.

Finally, it must not be forgotten that the persons who form their superficial judgments adversely upon the doings and motives of saintly persons, receive a ready and attentive hearing in the world in which they announce their judgments; whilst the religious against whom the foolish or malicious utter their whispered suspicion, has no power to prevent the free currency of a slander that is repeated without contradiction and runs its way smoothly through society, because the accused or maligned is not in place to defend herself or to explain; and the scandal-mongers may safely calculate upon being listened to with interest, even by those who do not actually believe what they hear, and who may inwardly form an adverse estimate of the chatterer who makes mischief for persons who are without the means to protect their characters from the aspersions.

But to return to our subject. Mother Veronica possessed, as we have seen, in a high degree those gifts of prudence, tact, counsel, and charity, which, if not an immediate result of conscious union with God, are certainly perfected and refined by the divine

intercourse which the religious life affords those who rightly approach it. It must not, however, be inferred from this habitual union with God which she experienced, that she was devoid of those charming characteristics of wit and humor which become the most powerful weapons of both correction and defence when combined with a charity that does not know how to wound. Sarcasm is a dangerous gift; yet it is so closely allied to the kindly satire that moves in playful circles of well-aimed chastisement as to cause the one often to be mistaken for the other. Mother Veronica's wit was so transparently good-natured that no one at whom it was aimed would have called it even irony; it was the brightness of benevolence, big-hearted cleverness, or whatever else you may call the inimitable originality that wins admiration by the sudden flash of truth which, whilst revealing another's weakness, both excuses and cures it in the very act of making it known.

A lady who had been on somewhat intimate footing with her, for a time being under her spiritual guidance, dwells on this characteristic of Mother Veronica, in a letter to one of the nuns written after the death of the venerated Superior:

"As I write I have such a picture of her in my mind that I can hardly keep myself from dwelling upon her external charm. I used to think, as I took part in the nuns' recreation and enjoyed her keen wit and the play of her bright, rare personality, how she combined every perfection in herself, wondering if it were possible for the Order to sustain such a loss as has now befallen you. Her beautiful smile, her gentle look of quiet compassion (when some one spoke of failure or mishap), her very gestures, the movements of her perfect hands—how plainly I see it all! . . . As you well know, she was exceedingly kind to me, and as long as I live I shall always feel my indebtedness to her for the noble example she has set, and for the living proof in her own life that we can be entirely lost and swallowed up in love for God and His holy ones. . . . What a loss, dear Sisters, what irreparable loss! I know God will sustain you and comfort you; but for the rest of the way you must surely go along as mourners, asking only for the happy day of reunion. It seems to me that my heart would never cease recalling some fresh cause for grief when I think of her. Already I find myself saying: 'Dear Mother, pray for me.'"

Similar have been the tokens of recognition of noble womanhood as we find it represented in Mother Veronica, on the part of many friends who knew her in the world and in religion. Those traits on which it has been the writer's privilege to dwell in these articles as of one who knew her only from the distance and through correspondence, are perhaps common enough, but they existed in her to a degree which gave unmistakable signs that she was what we have here attempted to indicate in barest outline,—a valiant woman in the Christian and heroic sense of the word. No doubt some day her more intimate biography will be brought forth to attest the historic value of what has been merely suggested here as pointing out the work of Mother Veronica. Those who knew her best would on that very account find it difficult to speak of her at present, when the loss of her cheering presence is still overcasting the light required to portray her in her true colors. Besides, there is a delicacy only known to the heart of a cloistered nun which prevents the exhibition of an image, however cherished, around which still cling the associations of personal intimacy. Not that these friends may not write their impressions, as Brother Leo or Celano did of St. Francis of Assisi; but a less subjective account may be the truer one, and for that we must wait to be given to the public by some Bonaventure, who can utilize the records of those whose love cherished and set down for private use the remembrance of a beautiful soul.

We should wish to have dwelt more in detail upon what we consider the central activity of Mother Veronica's Institute,—an activity which really shows her in her most characteristic features as a foundress,—namely, the fostering of the impulse to train young girls to the habit of self-improvement. The *Catholic Girls' Club for Self-Improvement* is indeed only one branch of the work on which we have already dwelt, but its importance goes very far as a sort of climax by which we may measure its attitude; and for that reason we should have liked to lay particular stress upon it.

Anyone who has watched the social and economic current of these days in America, must have become conscious of the fact that the lines upon which moral elevation and civic prosperity are being promoted, lie in the direction indicated by the Institute of the Divine Compassion, whose labors in one sense terminate in the

establishment of the Catholic Girls' Clubs, because a girl that has been brought to the sense of the necessity of self-improvement and then finds open for her the very best and most inviting opportunities for carrying on such improvement, has practically found her place in society and is enabled to contribute her full share to its proper elevation and progress. What the "Girls' Club" has done since its beginning, at the end of 1901, may be learned from the *Official Reports* issued by the Sisters at White Plains, the mother-house of the Institute. We may here recall only the results of the first year as within the immediate scope of Mother Veronica's personal superintendence.

In October, 1902, a brief statement was issued of the standing of the Club which, having begun with an empty house on October 28, 1901, had not one prospective candidate apart from those to whom the opportunity to join the Club had been declared open. After one year's existence the Club had 400 members. It was on the last Sunday of October, when a mother who belonged to the Confraternity of the Holy Face came to Mother Veronica to ask how her daughter could learn to earn her living.

"Then and there the young girl was enrolled, began her lessons the following day and soon after was working.

"Day by day added to the numbers.

"We opened classes as they were asked for, and by Christmas there were twelve and the membership was fifty.

"In January, 1902, we held our first Sunday meeting, and the Right Reverend Spiritual Director addressed us, taking for his subject, 'What one woman can do.' Each month since, we have met on the first Sunday, either in New York or White Plains, and have been addressed by the Rev. T. F. Myhan, the Rev. P. N. Breslin, the Rev. Denis Lynch, S.J., and others, in turn.

"As the majority of the members are Sunday-school teachers and Sodalists, we have appointed half-past four as the hour for meeting, that it may not interfere with any duty in your parish church.

"Our first social evening was in January, when Marion J. Brunowe spoke on Catholic literature. In February the Rev. Bernard J. Reilly gave a stereopticon lecture, and each month the entertainment has varied.

"After Christmas the development of our work was rapid, and when the season closed in June the record was as follows:

Lessons since November 1, 1901.

Membership, June 1	200
Dressmaking	680
Millinery	140
Hand Sewing	33
Sewing Machine	886
Embroidery	140
Stenography	419
Typewriting	390
Bookkeeping	113
English Grammar	153
French	170
Spanish	30
German	20
Piano	191
Mandolin	10
Pipe Organ	10
Total lessons since November 1, 1901	3,385"

There was also the Manual Training School for young girls, and among a number of other buildings there was one called St. Stanislaus Cottage. This had been fitted up for a Working Girls' *Vacation House*, and was open to well-recommended, self-sustaining girls at all times of the year. From June to October, in its first season, it was full to overflowing, and hundreds of girls testify to the pleasant summer days spent there. The season in New York reopened September 15th, and since then great progress has been made in the work. The Report goes on to say:—

"In accordance with our promise last year, having become well acquainted with you, and having tested your fidelity, we have given the Club an organization. There are a President, two Vice-Presidents, three Secretaries and Associates. These officers, who are chosen for their devotion to the work, are appointed for one year from the first Sunday in November. Their duty is to be present on certain evenings, to render such assistance in the work of the Club as may be

required of them, to welcome new members and promote social intercourse. . . .

"We have made a little change in our name. At the start we were called the Working Girls' Club of the House of Our Lady of the Wayside. There are many Working Girls' Clubs under Protestant auspices and therefore that there might be no mistake about it, we have called ourselves by the dear name of 'Catholic.'

"Then, as to the name of our Club House, to our mind the title of 'Our Lady of the Wayside' is especially appropriate, because under that invocation our Mother guides you through the great highways of the world. Our Lady of the Way! The *Madonna della Strada!* She is with you on your way to your work and to your pleasures, and unless the way is one that she can walk in, you are on the wrong road!

"Our Lady's titles express the need of the hour. In doubt or difficulty she is our dear Lady of Good Counsel. In trial she is our compassionate Lady of Sorrows, Queen of Martyrs. And so with 'all the names by which her children call her.' To us here she must ever be our Lady of the Way, our Blessed Mother of the whole journey of life. But—the name was not understood, and when applied to the Club House was easily corrupted. Therefore, we stand now and ever, please God, as the *Catholic Girls' Club of the House of Our Lady.*"

The methods of the Club, as thus far indicated, are a sufficiently clear demonstration of Mother Veronica's original purpose to create a medium of praiseworthy independence for young girls, especially in our large cities, such as the advocates of social settlement and kindred methods put before us on grounds of commonwealth expediency or from motives of natural virtue. Mother Veronica's aim went further and deeper. Her Girls' Club is a Catholic Club, and that differentiates it from others. Her ideas are explained in an address to the young girls on the first anniversary of their founding. To the question, "What is the purpose of the Catholic Girls' Club?" she makes answer:—

"The first impression is that it is simply to offer certain facilities for gaining a better knowledge of some trade or art. It is all that, but that is not all. It has a deeper purpose. Our main reason for existence as a Club is to offer to Catholic girls all that which up to this time they have sought from those who are strangers to their faith. We

aim to organize an army of girls that shall be animated with zeal for their religion and a spirit of watchfulness and resistance to attacks and inroads upon it.

"Among all our girls I have not met twenty who have not at some time or other been members of a Protestant society. I do not depreciate the good works of Protestants. Why should I? They are all borrowed from the Church, and there are few forms of charity in existence to-day that were not set in motion by St. Vincent de Paul three hundred years ago. In the hands of Protestants at the present time almost all charities are conducted with intelligence and zeal. But, to apply the words of St. Francis de Sales, 'However good they may be in themselves and for others, they are not good for *you*.' They attack your faith, either directly or indirectly, and if you have preserved it intact, you all know of those in whom it is dying or dead.

"The attacks on your faith are direct when you are invited to religious services, such as Bible readings, where, if you go to them, you hear the Holy Scriptures explained in contradiction to the teachings of the Catholic Church. And why do you go to these meetings? Are there not religious services enough for you in your own Church? Do you hear High Mass on Sundays? Do you go to Vespers and Benediction? Do you hear daily Mass? How few, alas, do this! O no, you go for a very sordid reason. You want to stand well with them that you may go to a Protestant vacation house, or, you want to obtain a position from a certain Association. However ready they are to open their classes to you, you know well that no one obtains employment at their hands who does not place herself within their moral influence, and they are quite right in that. And so you go and sell your soul.

"'But,' a girl will say, 'it does *me* no harm. Nothing could ever turn *me!*' True, it may not make you a Protestant, but it will make you an unfaithful Catholic, and that is worse. Go study your Catechism, my dear, and read what it says of places of worship other than your own. To make your way in the world, you risk your soul, for you disobey your Church.

"And besides it is not only presumption and placing yourself in a dangerous occasion, but it is mean and dishonorable, for you are taking benefits, if benefits they are, under false pretences.

"Another will say, 'Yes, I have belonged to a Protestant society, but I have never heard anything against the faith there.' Did you ever

hear anything in praise of it? Did you ever hear the Blessed Virgin's name uttered with love and veneration? Was your heart ever made to burn with those sweet words, the 'Sacred Heart'? Have you not felt instinctively that it was wiser to keep still about your religion? Few of you are sufficiently versed in controversy to detect the subtle poison that lies concealed in much that you hear. There are pretty hymns breathing sentimental piety that contain a heresy in every line.

"And why do you go to Protestants? They would not come to *you*. They draw the line sharply enough. Many of them have entered into a league never to employ a Catholic. They draw you only that they may win you from your faith. Believe me, they do not respect you the more for going to them.

"And if your faith is not directly attacked, you form acquaintances whose tastes and sympathies are all different from what yours ought to be. Even in ordinary intercourse you are in an atmosphere that is chilling to your soul. It is like the influence of the Godless public schools. There may be no religious teaching, but you are away from the light and warmth that flow from the Tabernacle.

"And others of you say, 'But those Protestant ladies are so nice and refined and gentle.' Indeed they are! But refinement alone will not take you to heaven. If you have not met with equal refinement and gentleness among your own people, it is your own fault. Believe me, it is to be found. Do *you* be refined and gentle, and you will find yourself in a circle of refinement and gentleness within your own Church.

"There is no such potent influence to refine as that which comes from the practical faith of a Catholic. Moreover, it is no outward gloss, no veneer. It is sincere, from the heart. Those good ladies, no matter how pleasing they may be, do not love the Church in which you were born; and no matter how much they veil the fact, they are against it.

"And so, my dear girls, from every motive—not the least of which is proper dignity of character and self-respect—cease to accept benefits from those who have no interest in you other than to make a proselyte, and who will drop you very quickly unless you lend yourself to their purposes.

"And your aims must not be all selfish. You are bound in conscience to exert an influence on all other Catholic girls within your reach. You must be apostles in your sphere. The Church is attacked on all sides openly and covertly. The children of the very poor are

being taken from the care of the Sisters. Enemies of the Church who are in power have set out in their own words 'to withdraw every child from every institution however good.' Poor families, even as in Ireland, are bought, body and soul, with a little food or fuel, or a month's rent. Libraries are multiplied where a Catholic girl, by indiscriminate reading, can lose not only her faith, but her morals. Not the poor, dependent only, but you, the intelligent, self-reliant girls, are beset with snares and dangers on all sides. When faith goes, virtue soon follows.

"And so, dear girls, in our humble sphere, quietly and modestly, we preach a crusade! Not as in days of old, when all Europe wished to rescue the holy places from the hands of the Turks and infidels, but, in the words of a Jesuit martyr, to 'save Jesus in the hearts of the children,' the dear children of the Church!

"May I say it? I find in many of you a want of fervor, an indifference to Catholic practices, a coldness, a worldliness, which are the result, in part, sad to say, of your struggle for life in your business or profession or trade, or whatever it may be. But more than that, it is the mental and moral influences you have been subjected to. To one who knows, there is a vast difference between the gentle modest bearing of the unspoiled Catholic girl and that of the self-sufficient, self-asserting girl who has learned her lessons from those who are strangers to the standard set for her by her Church.

"Do not say, 'Oh, Mother wants to make nuns of us all!' Far from it. While the religious life is the pearl of great price, and happy are those who find it, true supernatural vocations are very rare, and God forbid that you should enter the cloister unbidden.

"But Piety is one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, not alone for the favored few, but for the whole Church. The majority of our working girls come of a race that has suffered and still suffers every privation for their Faith, and whose tenacity to it is the wonder of the world. But their descendants, because they have a little more book learning, because they are American-born, often treat their religion condescendingly, if they are not sometimes even ashamed of it.

"But, please God, we shall see a better day. We are working for betterment in the intellectual, moral, and social scale. If *we* do not need it, others do. Let us draw close the bonds that bind us; let us work together, and if each one betters not only herself, but one other, it will become in time and eternity an 'endless chain.'

"I think I have made clear the moral purpose of the Catholic Girls' Club, and that you will cheerfully make the promise asked of you, when you, again, like a Crusader, take the Cross which is your badge.

THE SECOND PURPOSE OF THE CLUB.

"The second aim is self-improvement, and this is not only praiseworthy in itself, but it is a means to an end. The more you know the more you can do. The more you can do, the more you can earn. The more you can earn, the more self-reliant you can be; for money is indeed power, to you as much as to the millionaire. The want of money may be the most deadly snare for an unprotected girl, and a good salary with the help of God her great safeguard. Come to the Catholic Girls' Club and acquire that which will increase your salary or put you in the way of earning one."

This year the classes are as follows:

Five Cents an Hour.

Dress-making. McDowell System. Wednesday evening.
White Goods, Sewing-machine Manufacture. From 8.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. Five days per week.
Hand-sewing. From 8.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. Five days per week.
Embroidery and all kinds of fancy work. Wednesday and Friday evenings.
Millinery. Tuesday evening.
Stenography. Root work and Speed Class. Tuesday and Thursday evenings.
Typewriting. From 8.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. Five days per week.
Grammar. Tuesday and Thursday.
Penmanship. From 8.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. Five days per week.
Arithmetic. Wednesday evening.
Bookkeeping. Wednesday evening.
Cooking. Friday evening.
Physical Culture. Monday evening.

Ten Cents an Hour.

French. Tuesday and Thursday evenings.
German. Tuesday and Thursday evenings.
Spanish. Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Twenty Cents a Half-Hour.

Piano. From 8.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. Five days per week.
Mandolin. From 8.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. Five days per week.
Violin. From 8.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. Five days per week.

Five Cents an Hour.

Industrial School, for girls from nine to fifteen, on Saturdays from 10 to 12.

Gratuitous.

Choir Practice. Friday evening.
Instruction in Catechism. Sunday.

Tickets for ten lessons are purchased in advance.

Other classes were soon opened. There were three sessions: From September 15th to December 19th. From January 5th to Passion Sunday. From Easter Monday to June 14th.

What are the conditions of membership?

1. To be personally known to the Rector or one of the clergy of your parish, and in such a way that he can conscientiously sign our applicant's card.

2. To be of one mind with the spirit and purpose of the Club, and to be willing to promise that you will uphold its principles in your own life and in your influence with others.

3. To wear the badge of the Club.

4. To be regular in attendance on certain occasions.

5. To pay the monthly dues.

There are other features of the Club.

1. Self-sustaining girls may reside in the House. At present there are but few rooms, but one of our hopes for the future is a larger house.

2. Members are on the lookout for vacancies in their place of employment, and report them to the Sisters that unemployed members may avail themselves of them.

3. Should a member be ill or in trouble of any kind, if she will make it known to the Sisters, they will render every help and comfort in their power.

4. Should a member die, three Masses will be offered for the repose of her soul.

"And now, dear girls, a last word. Each one of you here is of unblemished character. But, in your daily life, taking your part with men in the pursuit of a living, what do you not have to see and hear and know? With the entrance of women into places once occupied by men only, a laxity of morals has come about unknown before. The passion for dress goes hand-in-hand with freedom of manners. Veil it as we may, you know it all too well. *You* are safe so far. Help your weak sisters. Show them how they can *earn* the things they

covet. If faith is not dead but only dying, the task will not be hard. Don't pass them by on the other side. Say the warning word. Tell us about them. Bring them to us. It is our vocation to help *them* as well as *you*. If we have been the means of raising your standard, give them something of what you have received.

"So shall the Catholic Girls' Club be a power in its day and generation, and only eternity will reveal 'what one woman can do.'

"The battle-cry of the Crusader was,

God and Our Lady.

To this we add,

Labor and Honor."

The Tired Heart Laid to Rest.

And now we come to the end in our sketch of this beautiful life. Mother Veronica would have been an exception in the virgin train of those who are called to follow the Master, had she been spared the pangs of almost unbroken physical suffering. Discomfort and pain are not subjects upon which the saints dwell except in thought and secret gratitude. *Secretum meum mihi* and *Secretum regis absconditum* suggest the identical motive of that more exalted modesty which shuns to reveal to the vulgar gaze both its love and the conscious sacrifice made for it. So it was here.

Mother Veronica had been a sufferer practically all through her life. During the twenty years before her leaving the world, she had passed through many serious illnesses; nevertheless she had constantly overcome the frail condition of her physical being by the energy which compelled her to labor like a mother for her children in the interests of others who seemed to suffer more. In the Convent she conducted every branch of the great work of her Sisterhood in such a manner that from her external conduct and expression one could not tell that she was afflicted, as those who observed her more closely knew or suspected, at times, with most intense pain. During the last three years of her life she took the journey, every day, from the mother-house to the house of the Holy Family and the Girls' Club in New York City. She would always return by train to White Plains in time for the afternoon Benediction, and while often scarcely able to speak, owing to the fatigue of the day's incessant business, she would insist upon

going to the organ-loft and herself playing for Benediction. During the past year her physical strength deserted her so completely that she was forced to leave the work of the Holy Family House and the Club in other hands, although she did not cease to direct all the details by personal instruction or by letter. Thus she kept alive her interest and remained faithfully in the watch-tower to overlook the business of the community, until June 28th, when by the doctor's orders she was obliged to keep her bed. The Sisters who watched at her bedside say that her energy was marvellous, and that vigorous to the last, without a sign of age upon her clear brow, she dictated letters to the different Houses, although she often found herself hardly able to speak above a whisper. By reason of the anxiety which her friends felt, and the wish of all that knew her, to see preserved so precious a life, no less than eight prominent physicians were consulted to pronounce upon the symptoms of her last illness, and to suggest remedies that might restore her at least for a time. In the month of August appeared unmistakable signs that the end was approaching. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the ninth, all her spiritual children were called into the sick-room, and a few minutes before the final summons came, she said to Father Fromentin, her confessor, who knelt beside her bed, "I am going—My Father, Thy will be done." One of the Sisters had the presence of mind to ask her to bless her children. It was a touching spectacle not to be forgotten by those who were present and realized the fact. Although sight and speech had already left her, she raised her feeble hand and made the Sign of the Cross. It was the last token of the Mother's affection and a gesture of farewell. There was no mark of a struggle. Her soul went from that scene so peacefully and quietly that it was impossible to say when the moment of farewell had come. The expression on her face at the moment of death and after was that of sweet tranquillity and of a condition that knew no more pain, but indicated the peaceful slumber of a child upon the bosom of its parent.

Silently and sorrowfully the Sisters carried their dead Mother, robed in the garb of her espousals, into the chapel. There before the altar she lay until the morning of the twelfth, when they buried her, kissing the cold hands that held the vows as though

she could not part from the sweet compact even now when its terms had been fulfilled. His Grace Archbishop Farley presided at the obsequies. Monsignor Edwards, upon whom had devolved the duty of directing the community after Monsignor Preston's death, celebrated the Solemn Requiem. Monsignor Mooney, V.G., preached the sermon. All the members of the Order were present. Hundreds of young women, who owed their start in a new and higher life to the departed Mother, had come from the city of New York and distant places to honor her memory. There was no mistaking the tribute of love, of a reverent and affectionate gratitude in return for numberless remembered acts of charity to young and old, poor and rich, as they had come within reach of her generous benevolence. Archbishop Farley pronounced the last words of Benediction according to the Ritual of the Church, and she was taken away amid sobs and tears of truest sympathy for a departed mother. She had indeed been the tenderest of mothers as she was the strongest of friends. No one ever appealed to her without receiving a ready and helpful answer. Nothing was impossible to her, for she trusted in God like a child; and no undertaking for His honor or for the relief of His suffering children seemed too arduous to her devoted spirit of self-sacrifice. "Women like Mother Veronica," said Monsignor Mooney in his eulogy at her funeral, "are moral factors in the world whose names live long after they are dead. Not every woman is called for the special work which it was this woman's lot to do, but she is the great soul and noble, who can relinquish the world and find pleasure in sacrificing her entire life to doing good for others. What Mother Veronica has done I need not relate in detail. What charitable work she has done before and after entering the religious state you all know. This work will be her monument. The rest is in God's hands."

Student's Library Table.

OUR CRITIC.

The School Question in Northwest Canada.—July 1st is "Dominion Day," a public holiday in Canada, signalized in 1905 by the forming, west of Manitoba, of two new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, running up north so as to include and absorb not only the territories bearing these names, but also the now obliterated Athabasca and Assiniboia.

Into these parts has been pouring cosmopolitan immigration, and at present the new provinces have some half a million inhabitants. They have had a system of schools to suit their variety in religion. And hence arose the contention this year in Canada over that everlasting question of rights, the religion in schools; arousing, as said the Canadian Prime Minister when introducing his Autonomy Bills, fiercer passions than any other public matter.

What were the clauses in these bills that excited indignation? They were the clauses guaranteeing free schools also for the minority, which is, on the whole, Catholic—three-quarters of the people are non-Catholic—and guaranteeing separate instruction by Catholic teachers, and not imposing a double taxation. All this was guaranteed, it must be understood, not as a new thing ordered by the Ottawa Federal Government, but as a right given by the British North America Act of 1867,—that is to say, by the Constitution under which the present Canada in its first broad union of provinces came into being. The Act provides that if separate schools, Catholic or Protestant, exist by law at the time a province enters the union, they are to be preserved to it. In every other respect — barring this famous clause 93 of the British North America Act—the provinces are free to deal with education.

However, these clauses of the Autonomy Bill were withdrawn. And clauses were substituted giving to the minority the schools as they have existed—that is, with certain modifications in a public school direction, by which a minority may have a separate school, with teachers of its own religion. No religion is, however, to be

taught until after 3.30 in the afternoon; for the rest, the public school text-books are to be used, and there is public school inspection. As a matter of fact, the districts are often predominantly Catholic, or non-Catholic, rather than mixed, and so the "public school" is either a "Protestant public school" or a "Catholic public school." The Catholic school is called the public school, if the district was formed by Catholics. And so, for non-Catholics and their school. There are only eleven separate schools—nine Catholic and two Protestant—out of 1,000 schools. And even these are under public control.

At the vote given on the question in the Ottawa Parliament, the majority from these provinces voted that this school system be retained. This is what the "Orange" and anti-Laurier government agitations in Toronto have called coercion. Tell the clique in Toronto, says a Western Presbyterian ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, that Canada is outgrowing Toronto. It is a sign already of how old-fashioned is becoming the "Papal Aggression," "Know-nothing" type of Protestant in a world which, if less religious, perhaps, is quite uninspired by the tune of "Boyne Water." One might as well preach Cotton Mather in the Pacific States.

Yet be it added that if the Liberal Laurier Government had even a majority of the Protestant vote for its Autonomy Bill, and if it has a Protestant majority for it in the Northwest, it has still bitter Conservative and Catholic opposition combined, in the person of the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Langevin, O.M.I., who protests that acceptance of the modified school system as outlined above is resignation to spoliation and injustice. The Archbishop demands the unmodified system,—Catholic teachers, Catholic schools, training of teachers under exclusively diocesan control, no public interference, so as to leave Catholics absolutely free to spend their own taxes for schools, without liability to any other school tax. The plea for the modifications introduced by the government of the territories was that the entirely free separate schools were inefficient. And large numbers of Catholics feel the force of this. Illiteracy may or may not be desirable or tolerable. But it is certainly a fact that illiterates were more common, and would have remained more common, without public school control. As it is a fact to-day that illiteracy is more com-

mon in French Catholic Quebec than in any other province in the Dominion.

Nevertheless, the Archbishop's claim is acknowledged to be not unfounded even by Protestants who are openly glad if this his claim to the absolutely separate schools can be set aside in favor of the actual "public separate schools." Yet such Protestants will lend no hand—be it for justice' sake, or but for the sake of party—to the Toronto proposal to take away from various Northwest religions their right to schools with their own children and their own teachers. These Liberal Protestants do not hesitate to acknowledge that if any one has a grievance it is the Catholics, who seem once to have been guaranteed really separate schools under Church control. Not all Catholics wish these.

Yet they—that is the Catholics supporting the Government's moderate proposals—are also under the ban of some Protestants as uncompromising as Archbishop Langevin; and the Presbyterian minister writing as "Ralph Connor" dubs all the Catholic members from the province of Quebec as "a bigoted and sectarian group" who have exercised their baneful influence on Sir Wilfred Laurier and his Government. Even the Protestant majority, however, as has been said, were with the Government; and yet the Northwest Prime Minister says the new provinces will never submit to Ottawa's arrangements. We shall see.

Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.—The *Israelite*, favoring the public-school system as it is, says that while "the Roman Catholic Church is fighting for the control of only a portion of the money raised by taxation for school purposes, the Protestant bigots want the whole of it." We accept the judgment on ourselves. The Catholic plea is: pay according to results, in schools to which your divided people can conscientiously send their children; leaving to the schools to teach, further, any religion or none.

The French unbeliever "wants the whole" French system, *obligatoire laïque et gratuit*, because he finds it anti-religious, and useful for sapping the supernatural basis of public and private morals; and so there are others in other lands who "want the whole," so long as it reflects a more or less uncertain Deism, shrinking from the details and results of the Incarnation of God, assuming that a more or less neutral system is not, negatively at

least, hostile to what is omitted. But, as Daniel Webster said, it is surely nonsense to say that a school in which Christianity is not assumed is not hostile to positive Christianity in a child's mind. As well say that a child could be brought up to be "neutral" about its parents, and their authority; and yet could be just as attached to them, and just as respectful of their rights. Of course one may go further and may say that the teachers and the books may and probably must be to some extent positively hostile to the omitted teaching. But even without going so far, we have to maintain that *ipso facto*, and in its nature, "neutral" "non-sectarian" teaching is not and cannot be—given human nature as it is—either neutral or non-sectarian. The Nonconformists in England are making this assumption. They were satisfied with the Board Schools—a sort of American public schools—because, roughly speaking, they were (as the Anglican *Guardian* puts it) places for the endowment of the popular Nonconformist religion. The Anglicans, teaching more, were not satisfied: still less satisfied were the Catholics. The Nonconformists are now bent on repealing the present Education Act: for it enshrined the Catholic and the weaker Anglican claim,—that payment and support by the State should follow on secular teaching that reaches a certain standard of excellence, whatever be the school's extra religious teaching. The Act did this with safeguard of State control, with extra shackles on schools that had "extra" religion. But still it was an attempt to settle the school question, in a country of divided religions, not by establishing neutral schools, and excluding all religion except that which happens to be vaguely in the air of a country, but by acknowledging the religions of all.

The Catholic clergy in England, many of them Irish or of Irish descent, welcomed the help thus given them in their desperate struggle to keep up schools, chiefly, be it said, for people of Irish race, who are the majority of the poor Catholics in England. But it was a measure passed by Conservatives, that is, those opposed to Home Rule for Ireland; and so the majority of Irish members of Parliament would not vote for it; and by their defection they weakened some of the Bill's provisions which were most favorable to Catholic schools. The Irish clergy in England addressed letters to these members, imploring them not to set the

Irish vote in England against candidates who would support Catholic schools for the poor Catholics of Irish nationality. It was with difficulty the M. P.'s were got to yield in part; and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Irish Home Rule member for England (Liverpool being his constituency), has pledged himself again and again to vote for the Liberals who are prepared to repeal or to modify the present Education Act, and thus—according to the opinion of the Catholic clergy—to ruin or to injure Catholic schools. Many of these clergy are Irish and Home Rulers. But they see further into the life of things. Nor will children of Irish parents in England, if absorbed in the English masses by frequenting non-sectarian schools, come to care for Home Rule or for anything else concerning Ireland. Yet Mr. Davitt, too, is fighting hard to make the "Irish-English" Catholics treat the English school question as a "domestic concern," and to vote for politics, and not mind their religion. See his article in the *Independent Review* for April.

The spirit of the Nonconformist Liberals is incarnate in Mr. Perks, M. P.; and he (on a platform, next to Mr. Augustine Birrell), "asked for a Liberal majority which would make them wholly independent of the priest-ridden section of the Irish party in the House of Commons, who, on all educational questions, and on many social questions, were the close allies of the Anglican Church."

The Wolf and the Lamb.—The French Catholics have good reason to be suspicious as to how the "disestablishment and disendowment" act will be applied. When they are told by M. Briand, the *rapporteur* of the Parliamentary Commission on the subject, that neither he nor any one with him thought of promoting schisms by their proposals—and by M. Briand's forced or willing acceptance of the new 4th Article, Catholics are presumably to mean real Papal Catholics—they recall M. Waldeck Rousseau's Associations Bill in 1901, and its author disdaining any intention of attacking *authorized* congregations, and his special praising of the Christian Brothers, so useful to the Republic. They recall the "ovine artlessness of the clergy," and how so many of them trusted the wolves who were preparing, all along, the better to gobble them up.

Perhaps M. Combes truly confesses when he says that he

himself was not sure of his ground, until every day's post kept bringing him in letters urging him to "clear them all out." These French Radical enthusiasts know thoroughly what persistent agitation means, and what it can do. M. Briand alludes to Catholics' present suspicions, and to the transformation scene of Waldeck into Combes. "I admit," he says, "that we did apply the 1901 law in rather a broad fashion." But he adds, in effect, that that could not be helped. And why? Because, as he afterwards said (with loss of temper), you anti-republicans, *i.e.*, anti-Combists, opposed us so, when attacking some religious orders, that we vowed vengeance and attacked them all. And, further, said he, pouring out threats, if you oppose us now about this "separation," if you stir up people against us—that is, if you use your ordinary citizen rights of opposition—we shall know how to go farther, and shall take away the liberty we are giving you by this law. If you complain of being robbed, we shall kill you.

The *rapporteur* throughout hardly hides the cat in the bag. As for instance, when he says, in passing, that never before had the soil of France in all directions been so covered with new churches as in these late years. It hardly needs for him to utter the words that I heard one of the Toronto fanatics use on a voyage up the St. Lawrence, lined by Catholic villages: "How it makes me sick to see all these churches." But what a danger, the French franc-maçon did say, is all this spending of money by Catholics —their own money[1]—on building churches. And neither he nor the parliamentary majority he was speaking to, dream of hesitating to declare these churches the property of—anybody but the builders, or the body for whom they were built. "I know that you will excite great irritation in my constituency," says one brave anti-clerical. "But of course I myself am going to vote for the law, to show my independence." He might probably have added, to show how I can swindle or lie to my constituents, "who are a very religious people, and who have built churches out of their own pockets: they will be dissatisfied now at having to pay rent for"—their own property. Curious people.

[1] Of $400,000 spent on church building since the Concordat, $350,000 seems to have been subscribed by individual Catholics.

Studies and Conferences.

THE CONVENT STAGE.

Miss Agnes Repplier, writing in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, pictures certain experiences of Convent school-life with the freedom of a cultured critic who, whilst indulging in occasional touches of delicate satire, pleases by her distinctly American frankness, not devoid of old-fashioned humor. She tells how a stage-play is managed in the Convent school.

Everybody knows that it is a sort of fixed principle with religious educators—who make the aim and contemplation of perfection the standard according to which they regulate their views of life—to safeguard in their young wards the habits of modest decorum, by eliminating from the school lessons all suggestion of evil, unless it be by distinct contrast that leaves no doubt of the hideousness of sin. This implies, yet without imputation of wickedness, a certain lofty disregard of *mankind*, except that ghostly quality which survives in friars and anchorites, or, by a sort of poetical license, in white-haired bishops and thin secular priests, and also that very small species of undeveloped Adams, those good little boys who have not yet come to the age of suspendered trousers and clandestine cigarettes. Miss Repplier reflects upon these features of Convent education with the amused, but on the whole neutral air of a non-committal philosopher.

Since historical dramas are the favorite themes with teachers, and perhaps also with pupils; and since the histories of queens and woman-saints preferred as object lessons, have their limitations, it becomes occasionally necessary to admit elements of the masculine stuff, such as wise men who give advice and can keep a secret, or villains and slaves who have to be killed,—in the shape of ancient Romans and Moors and Peruvians.

This fact affords Miss Repplier a good opportunity of dilating upon the difficulties of costume: "The play-closet, that mysterious receptacle of odds and ends, of frayed satins, pasteboard swords, and tarnished tinsel jewelry, was soon exhausted of its treasures." The bigger girls persuaded their mothers to lend them old evening gowns. "The rest of the clothes we manufactured ourselves 'by the pure

light of reason,' having no models of any kind." Miss Julia Reynolds, who played "Marlow," wore, we are told, a red cravat given her by her brother. "It indicated Marlow's sex, and was considered a little indecorous in its extreme mannishness. The Turkish trousers worn by Lilly and by me—also Elizabeth, to her unutterable disgust—were allowed because they were portions of feminine attire. Made of rattling paper muslin, stiff, baggy, and with a hideous tendency to slip down at every step, they evoked the ribald mirth of all the other actors." Snatches of the tragedy of *Isabella of Castile*, performed by the girls, are given by way of illustration, and the comments provoked at the rehearsals add relish to the descriptions of certain dramatic scenes, calculated to impress the young minds. The plays were not meant to be presented for exhibition. The teachers and pupils alone formed the audience. And this explains their real value as educational, not theatrical exercises. It suggests, although Miss Repplier does not say so, that the presentation of the Convent Stage is not to be judged by the same rules of æsthetic criticism as the performances of the professional dramatist demand. Indeed, it were to be regretted if our young girls were to lose, under plea of presenting the naturalistic features of historic plays more correctly and truthfully, that beautiful reserve which Convent education seeks to safeguard and foster, because in it lies the chief and secret charm of womanly attraction. The educational value of these practices on the Convent Stage does not lie in the fidelity of representation, but in the discipline which the exercises entail, and in the impressions of certain elevated sentiment which, if not wholly distorted, they leave upon the child's mind.

Miss Repplier, no doubt consciously, bears witness to this fact when, in describing an actual performance in which she appears to have had part, she writes: "The night came. The stage was erected at one end of our big study-room (classic-hall, we called it); the audience, consisting of the school and the nuns, for no strangers were admitted on these occasions, sat in serried rows to witness our performance. Behind the scenes, despite the frenzy of suppressed excitement, there reigned outward order and tranquillity. The splendid precision of our convent training held good in all emergencies. We revolved like spheres in our appointed orbits, and confusion was foreign to our experience. I am inclined to think that *the habit of self-restraint induced by this gentle inflexibility of discipline, this exquisite sense of method and proportion, was the most valuable by-*

product of our education.[1] There was an element of dignity in being even an insignificant part of a harmonious whole."

What powerful levers, on educational grounds, such plays might be and mostly are made, is shown by the intense and absorbing concentration which the acting under such conditions sometimes effects in the girlish mind. In the midst of the play in which the writer takes part, she finds herself forgetful of the situation, and looks upon the things around her as a reality.

"Ayesha (I had a passionate admiration for Julia Reynolds), lying dead and lovely at my feet; Marie's pitiful cry vibrating in my ears; and Zara's splendid scorn and hatred overriding all pity and compunction. Wrapped in the contemplation of these things, I stood speechless and motionless, oblivious of cues, unaware of Zara's meaning glance, unconscious of the long, strained pause, or of Madame Rayburn's loud prompting from behind the scenes. At last, hopeless of any help in my direction, Zara bethought herself to say, 'As for me, I go to meet what fate Allah ordains;' and stalked off,—which independent action brought me to my senses with a start. I opened my mouth to speak, but it was too late; and, realizing the horror of my position, I turned and fled,—fled to meet the flood-tide of Mary Orr's anger and disgust.

"'Every one will think that I forgot my lines,' she stormed. 'Didn't you see me looking straight at you, and waiting for my cue? The whole scene was spoiled by your stupidity.'

"I glanced at Madame Rayburn. Of all the nuns I loved her best; but I knew her too well to expect any comfort from her lips. Her brown eyes were very cold and bright. 'The scene was not spoiled,' she said judicially; 'it went off remarkably well. But I did think, Agnes, that, although you cannot act, you had too much interest in the play, and too much feeling for the situation, to forget entirely where you were, or what you were about. There, don't cry! It didn't matter much."

"Don't cry! As well say to the pent-up dam, 'Don't overflow!' or to the heaving lava-bed, 'Don't leave your comfortable crater.' Already my tears were raining down over my blue tunic and yellow trousers. How could I—poor inarticulate child—explain that it was because of my absorbing interest in the play, my passionate feeling for the situation, that I was now humbled to the dust, and that my career as an actress was closed?"

[1] Italics ours.

RACE PRIDE AND RACE LOYALTY.

That is an admirable bit of ethical wisdom which *The Independent* gives in a recent editorial commenting on the needless emphasis laid by certain public spokesmen upon the advantages of cultivating race pride and race loyalty. "It is not wise advice. The advice to cultivate personal self-respect and loyalty to one's own best ideals and convictions is excellent; but no advice is good to try to cultivate pride in race or loyalty to race. Pride and loyalty should go to goodness, not to blood. Some races, to be sure, have achieved more than others; yet even so, it is not the race but certain few wise men in the race who deserve praise."

We knew a father, a good and sensible man, who toiled honestly for his family, and was faithful to his religious obligations. But he had a strong race-feeling, and every day when he had done his work and come home, he took his youngest child on his knee and taught it to speak: say "I am Irish—I am Irish." When a good-natured German neighbor, who saw this daily process of infant naturalization going on, said: "Why don't you teach him his prayers?" the reply came quite spontaneously, "Them he will learn soon enough in Sunday-school." It is a hurtful process of education and one that should not be encouraged by those who have the power to think beyond the reach of their feelings, and who can direct others to do the same. "It was the mark of Christianity," says the above-mentioned editor, "that it put responsibility of character on individuals and not on a race. Out of stones children could be raised up to Abraham." And what is here said of race applies to nationality.

We may extol our national heroes, because they were heroes, but not because they happened to belong to one country, or to one lineage rather than another. The accidents of nationality, and race, and family, and place of birth, are no merit in any sense in which the individual possessing them may claim the merit, unless it be at the same time approved by his personal virtue and ability.

Criticisms and Notes.

HOMES OF THE FIRST FRANCISCANS, in Umbria, the Borders of Tuscany, and the Northern Marches. By Beryl D. de Selincourt. With 13 illustrations from photographs. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905. Pp. 325.

THE WORDS OF ST. FRANCIS from his Works and the early Legends. Selected and translated by Anne Macdonnell. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. Pp. 95.

In another part of these pages the cultivated pen of Fr. Paschal Robinson gives a critical estimate of the accessible literature about the person of St. Francis of Assisi. It falls within the particular scope of the scholarly Minorite's study to speak of the work of M. Sabatier,[1] to whom the Protestant world of to-day owes, above all other writers, a somewhat more intimate knowledge than was formerly possible, of that charming genius of the thirteenth century whose lightsome glow has left its reflection upon all the great works of literature and art in the subsequent ages of masterpieces.

Catholics too will readily accord this merit to the French critic; and although his *Vie de S. François d'Assise* was placed by the authorities of the Church upon the "Index of forbidden books," as a warning that it conveys a false conception of Christian doctrine and morals, this does not prevent our acknowledgment of the fact that M. Sabatier has done much to direct attention to so fair a subject, and this in a largely sympathetic spirit. It may also, indeed, be due to his enthusiastic admiration for the Saint, who was the natural progeny of an age which has been pompously styled "the Dark," that even Catholics have come to recognize better and to dwell more fondly upon the image of St. Francis; for interest in Franciscan literature has become quite a fashion in these days among all cultured and devout readers.

What the intelligent Catholic critic complains of, and what Fr. Paschal points out with singular precision,[2] is the fact that M. Sabatier and those who follow him claim it as wisdom and their right to "transform," by a subjective process of reflection, the figure of the

[1] Fr. Paschal deals with this subject more especially in his second article, where he discusses "The Mirror of Perfection," which M. Sabatier claimed to be the most ancient. See August number of THE DOLPHIN.

[2] Read his article in the August DOLPHIN.

Saint, and to so present the beautiful image of his personality as will make the beholder fall in with M. Sabatier's religious tastes and prejudices. In this matter the Protestant biographers of St. Francis do no little injury to the truth, albeit they fail not to draw attention to many of the charming characteristics of Franciscan devotion,—a phase of religious growth which can of course be properly appreciated only by those who live the inner life of the Church, and who are able to see its true colors, as of figures in beautifully stained glass windows, from within, and not merely in the vague and suggestive outlines which appear to those who gaze at them from the market-place.

Realizing this attitude of M. Paul Sabatier, who has been wrongly hailed by some of his injudicious admirers as a discoverer in Franciscan history, we can the better appreciate the brief preface which he writes in the volume, *Homes of the First Franciscans*, here under review. In truth, coming as this preface does from a Protestant clergyman, it is a rather remarkable—even though in part unwilling—tribute to the Catholic teaching of religious perfection. "No one," he writes, "can hope to know St. Francis without knowing and loving the places where he lived. And here it is not a question of geographical, external knowledge, but of something more intimate and more vital. . . . It is not only because the eyes of St. Francis rested, glowing with hope or burning with pain, on these hills which the setting sun leaves so reluctantly, that we want to see them and feel their spirit. It is because as we look on them in the light of his temperament, a faculty for transcending our intellect comes to birth within us, —a beginning of harmony, then communion; and if we could follow it to the end, there would spring in us a sincere desire of fellow-service." With such sentiments, one can understand why the authorship of the present book is really due to M. Sabatier, who gave the aid of his suggestions, notes, and library to Mr. Selincourt.

The particular attitude and aim of the writer with reference to the popularization of St. Francis may be best gleaned from his own words. Speaking of the influence of the Saint upon the generation of which he formed a part, the author writes: "St. Francis became a leader even through the whole-hearted devotion with which he chose to be a follower. His service of men was so radiant with love that it burned through the exaggerated and sometimes obscuring forms in which his belief found expression, and lives with a freshness which no sober criticism of latter-day reasoning can dispel. We cannot too emphatically urge that Francis was no protester. The negative element of

iconoclasm is quite absent from his character. We search in vain in him for any breath of hostile criticism in his relations with the world or with the Church. In fact it is his attitude toward these two great forces—the *saeculari* and the *religiosi*—that distinguishes him so sharply from the ascetic or from the Protestant reformer, both of whom he resembles in their positive aspects."

Our Catholic readers may ask: What is it in particular that creates this strange fascination on the part of the Protestant world for a monk who was not only intensely devoted to the Church and to Rome as the visible centre and ruling power of that Church, but for one who was so thoroughly unworldly and whose life is a continuous protest, however joyful and unaggressive, against the worship of luxury and wealth to which the modern spirit of the world seems particularly addicted? Mr. Selincourt probably suggests the answer when he says: "At the present time, when many are considering the possibility of *applying the principles which underlie the work of St. Francis, and even some of his methods, to the social needs of the day*, it is, perhaps, particularly necessary to see him in relation to his time and country, to set the portrait of him which has come down to us still further in relief, by filling in some details of the background yet unfamiliar" (p. 7). It is therefore because the personality of St. Francis furnishes the motive of a social reform by the ideals he unconsciously sets before us in his power to associate happiness with poverty, and purity of life with a whole-souled appreciation of the beautiful in nature. It is to the natural virtues of this transparently pure and beautiful life that M. Sabatier and Mr. Selincourt would attribute his influence, as if St. Francis were not principally what he was because of whole-souled devotion to the Catholic faith, but rather in spite of it.

Of this same limited view, which attributes the power of the Saint to disposition and not to trained convictions, Miss Macdonnell also, in her selection from the works of St. Francis, gives evidence. "I have tried," she writes, "to reflect his spirit, his temperament, and his attitude to life rather than his doctrine. For his doctrine, it was that of the Roman Church of his day, which he never questioned." No, certainly; St. Francis never questioned the doctrine of the Roman Church which he knew, and preached day after day, as the unchanged teaching of Jesus Christ, upon which his spirit and temperament fed, and without which that spirit would have been nothing more than the vivacity of the harmless lambkin that gambols in the fields where it

feeds. Our lives are necessarily the expressions of our beliefs, and temperament can simply add color and depth, not character or nerve, to these lives or beliefs.

As Mr. Selincourt, so does Miss Macdonnell, owe the inspiration to write upon this topic to M. Sabatier, in whom she recognizes the helpful scholar who had pointed out to her valuable sources of information. Yet it is not so certain that the modern French patron of Franciscan scholarship is the safest guide, and if both our writers are somewhat over-confident in either attributing the authorship of the *Speculum* to Brother Leo, or in excluding Thomas of Celano from any share in that work, they have to thank also M. Sabatier for this uncritical assumption.

For the rest, the *Homes of the First Franciscans* makes delightful reading in its graphic description of Assisi and the familiar characters that give it life; or of the country round about the pretty lake Thrasymene, centre of a triangle formed by Perugia, Chiusi, and Cortona, chief scenes of the early activity of the Saint and his little company. There is portraiture not merely of charming hillsides with their bright irregular quarries and blooming olive groves, and of the strong castles and picturesque peasant homes, all of which bear the impress of a real and characteristic vitality,—but also of the shady woods and open places that are instinct with the charm of the story of St. Francis and his Brothers. Thus Monte Casale and Vallingegno, the Umbrian solitudes, the smiling campus round Rieti, the Marches, and the mountain sides of La Verna are not merely localities to attract us by their splendid decking of Italian spring, but homes of the Friars, replete with tokens of the supernatural power exercised by the love of their humble master. Beyond what we have already said to indicate our regret that there should be any reserve on the part of non-Catholic writers in attributing the development of so beautiful a character as that of St. Francis rather to natural temperament than to the refining influence of the Catholic religion, which directed and perfected that temperament,—apart from this note, which necessarily leaves its impress upon the works before us, we feel confident that the study of them will prove a benefit to the average reader of intelligence. We say advisedly the study of them, because they are essentially inducements to a closer entering into the domain of Franciscan studies that must exercise a more or less serious influence on life and on society, as is proved by the effects which it has already produced in the last few years.

FRAGMENTS OF PROSE AND POETRY. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. With Portraits. New York, London, Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1904. Pp. xi—211.

Whoever has pored over the fascinating pages of *Human Personality*, wondered at its wealth of strange facts and weird fancy, been absorbed by its stories of the mysterious doings of man's subconscious life and its tales of an unseen world, admired its exhibition of keen discernment overmastered by an exuberant imagination, its analytical science caught in the glow and color of poetry,—whoever, I say, has come closely into contact with the late Mr. Myers' posthumous work, cannot but have been attracted by and to the author's personal character. The Catholic reader, it is true, while finding in the two stately volumes much that is of absorbing interest, must nevertheless widely dissent from Mr. Myers' philosophy.

The author's appeal to a *meta-ethereal* world, an infinite energy—identified indeed with God—as an explanation of genius and other exalted states of human consciousness, can hardly be cleared from the imputation of pantheism; while his theory of methodical communication with discarnate souls is not only fanciful, but fraught too with gravest danger and most serious immoral consequences. None the less, perhaps all the more, the author's personality, his mental gifts and high moral, though misdirected, purpose, are attractive, and one naturally desires to see farther into his inner life. An aid to such insight is afforded by the *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*, the book now at hand.

The volume is about equally divided between the two groupings of matter designated by the title. The prose fragments consist of a brief autobiography and biographical sketches of certain eminent men, —friends of the author. The poems cover a considerable range of subject. They are mostly lyrical and personal, and reveal genuine poetical intuition and power, and make one almost regret that the author's best gifts had not received their rightful consecration. The youthful genius of Bryant has been admired in that it produced *Thanatopsis* when its possessor was but seventeen. The present volume contains a centenary poem on Burns that manifests a higher order of poetical feeling, and was written when Myers was a lad of fifteen.

Thus early matured, the poet's soul was caught and held from the age of sixteen to twenty-three under the spell of the Greek and Latin classics. But, as he says, "they drew from him and fostered evil as

well as good; they might aid imaginative impulse and detachment from sordid interests, but they had no check for pride" (p. 18); and the "passion of the past" afterwards wore away "into an unsatisfied pain." The vanishing of Hellenic ideals, leaving him "cold and lonely," was for a time made good by the revival in his soul of a vague Christian belief that found expression in a perfervid religious emotionalism.

The violent is necessarily brief: the "disillusionment" came, and the young man passed "through various moods of philosophical or emotional hope" into an agnosticism or virtual materialism, which sometimes was a dull pain borne with a joyless doggedness, sometimes flashed into a horror of reality that made the world spin before his eyes,—a shock of nightmare-panic amid the glaring dreariness of day. The darkness finds a voice in the following lines:

> "O sighs that strongly from my bosom flew!
> O heart's oblation sacrificed anew!
> O groans and tears of all men and of mine!
> O many midnights prostrate and supine,
> Unbearable and profitless, and spent,
> For the empty furtherance of a vain intent,—
> From God or Nothingness, from Heaven or Hell,
> To wrest the secret that they will not tell,
> To grasp a life beyond life's shrinking span
> And learn at last the chief concerns of man!"

In this anguish of soul—dominated by the resolve "to spend all life's energy in beating against the walls of the prison-house, in case a panel anywhere might yield"—he receives from Henry Sidgwick, to whom he had turned for aid toward the possible attainment of a scientific assurance of unseen things, this "modified encouragement": "It was possible," Sidgwick thought, "that where the German had been satisfied with embracing the cloud, where the Frenchman's logic had lightly accepted negation, the dogged Anglo-Saxon might yet wrest some secret from silent Fate" (p. 32).

It was "at first with great repugnance" that young Myers applied himself to studying the spiritualistic phenomena in quest of a "scientific assurance" of survival after death and the possibility of holding communication with disembodied souls. Through that study, however, he claims to have "discovered a hidden portal which might be pushed backwards upon an open way. *Limen erat caecaeque fores;* there was at least an adit into the Unseen" (p. 33). Here at length Myers finds his "final faith,"—a faith that is not an "argument of

things that appear not," but the demonstration of the Unseen made visible to mortal eye. It will not be necessary to submit the evidence upon which this empirico-scientific faith is said to rest. It is all fully detailed in the author's *Human Personality*, and much of it is weighed by that judicial writer and convert to another and a saner faith, Mr. Raupert, in his eminently timely work on *Modern Spiritualism*. (Herder, St. Louis.[1]) It was the old story: *Deficit scrutans scrutinia*. Searching to read the secrets of the other life by means not granted to man in his present condition, the mind falls a prey, if not always to its own delusions, which it mistakes for realities, at least to the deceitful guidance of subtler spirits of a higher, though malignant, order, who maintain their maleficent ends never so adroitly as when they succeed in masquerading as ministers of light. It is sad to think that a man of Mr. Myers' gifts and attainments should have gone out of life with the persuasion that "science" had opened a door through which departed souls can hold sensible communion with sojourners on earth. Not less sad is it that his legacy to posterity should be a pantheistic World-Soul. Better far had it been if the heritage had consisted of just the fragments of verse included in the present volume.

F. P. S.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Accomplice: Frederick Trevor Hill. *Harper*. $1.50.

A report of a girl's trial for the murder of her employer occupies almost the entire book, and the rest is given up to the incredible performances of the foreman of the jury, who collects evi-

[1] See THE DOLPHIN, Vol. III, p. 347; THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, Vol. XXI, p. 315. 1904.

dence at night and does his best to be judge and counsel by day. The tale is incredible as legal procedure, but is a fairly good piece of "detective literature."

Belted Seas: Arthur Colton. *Holt.* $1.50.

Short, well-written stories of eccentric seafaring men and adventurers on unexplored coasts; the tales depend for their interest on pathos rather than on the cruelty just now in favor in nautical stories.

Cameron of Lochiel: Philippe Aubert de Gaspé. Translated by C. G. D. Roberts. *Page.* $1.50.

The author, a French Canadian Catholic, wrote this story in his old age to preserve the legends and traditions of French Canada as he had heard them in childhood. It gives a view of the conquest from the French side, and as all the characters, except a few British soldiers, are Catholics, it can be recommended without reserve to readers of any age. The translation is admirable.

Courtship of a Careful Man: E. S. Martin. *Harper.* $1.25.

A very deliberate tale, with epigrams at fairly regular intervals of the conversation composing it.

Dark Lantern: Elizabeth Robins. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The heroine wastes her youth in resisting the advances of a German prince who offers her a perfectly valid marriage, which however gives her no promise of social recognition, and after years of waiting, during which he publicly marries a woman of his own rank, tells dozens of falsehoods to the girl, and attempts to abduct her. She again refuses to marry him as a widower and coldly and calmly goes to live with a physician who has bullied her into respect for him. The author preserves an attitude of neutrality.

Game: Jack London. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

Elaborate but somewhat grim decorations and good colored pictures illustrate this minute description of a prize fight ending in the death of an excellent young man who "puts on the gloves" as a means of obtaining money to support his mother and her six children. The author's theories about the possibilities of a mechanic's wages and his vision of the ways of the American working class are inexpressibly droll, but his spirit is always kindly and the luckless young pair make a pathetic group.

Girl and the Deal: Karl Edwin Harriman. *Jacobs.* $1.25.

A slight but pretty story of a capitalist's son sent to California by his father on a mission intended to test his ability, and by chance forced to travel by the very train conveying the girl whom he desires to win. Being enthusiastic about the West and its ways, she transforms him into a fair imitation of a genuine Western man before they arrive in California, and the change leads to his successful performance of his errand. Besides being a pleasant tale the story is a fairly good guide-book.

Great Mogul: Lewis Tracy. *Clode.* $1.50.

An English younger son goes to India in the last year of Akbar's reign, trusting to make his fortune in trade and becomes a part of the court intrigues preceding the marriage of Nur Mehal and Jehangir. The author has added something to history and legend, but has not misrepresented his historical personages, and shows James the First as history is now fairly well agreed that he was,—false, treacherous, and tyrannical.

House of Cards: John Heigh. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The author either imitates or is Mr. James Lane Allen, and the story aims at showing the difference between the ideals of the Civil War and of the present day, and also at showing how wide is the gulf between the heirs of the old and the possessors of the new ideals and the men who live only to acquire money and power. The book is quite different from the average tale of the capitalist.

Hundredth Acre: John Camden. *Turner.* $1.50.

A cleverly managed story of a murder which nearly every character in the tale might have committed as far as time and opportunity are concerned and for which nearly all have a motive. It is interesting, and is a good antidote for trust in circumstantial evidence.

Iole: Robert W. Chambers. *Appleton.* $1.50.

A wholesome piece of burlesque in which charlatanry babbling of art, and the simple life, and the effete foolishness of every thing accepted by the decent and sensible is very well satirized. The author ends his work with some absurd courtships in which the women illustrate the workings of minds reared upon a diet of absurdity. The burlesque extends to certain details from which the prurient may extract evil, and the book is not to be recommended without discrimination, but it will injure nobody acquainted with the authors and artists burlesqued.

Judith Triumphant: Thompson Buchanan. *Harper.* $1.50.

The deviser adds all the details omitted, in fulfilment of Hebrew ideas of decency, from the Bible story, and the result is unreadable.

Lady Noggs, Peeress: Edgar Jepson. *McClurg.* $1.50.

The naughty child who plays heroine really has some cleverness and many of her adventures are delightfully absurd. One does not quite believe in her, but wishes that she were real.

Master Mummer: E. Phillips Oppenheim. *Little.* $1.50.

The hero and the girl whom he loves and certain royal and noble personages are the puppets of a clever actor who controls them to assure the happiness of the heroine, a young princess against whom evil plots are devised. The greater part of the action passes in the more innocent and industrious circles of the world called Bohemian.

May Margaret: S. R. Crockett. *Dodd.* $1.50.

This novel continues the Douglas legend begun in "The Black Douglas" and tells of the adventures through which the Fair Maid of Galloway came to wed the smith's son of the former novel. The author adds but little to the ballads treating the subject except gibes at the expense of nuns and ecclesiastics who seldom attain to his lofty Protestant ideals of perfection.

Miss Bellard's Inspiration: William Dean Howells. *Harper.* $1.50.

The author's familiar married pair bicker in the familiar way over the manner in which the wife's niece manages her love affair, and another married pair conduct what one is tempted to call a hate affair. All six show abnormal ability to interest themselves in nothings, and the author's management of "would" and "will" furnishes the wildest excitement of the whole book.

Mortgage on the Brain: Vincent Harper. *Doubleday.* $1.50.

A mischievous story advancing the theory that religion is soon to be superseded by science, and the workings of the spirit by chemical manipulation. The theory that two or more spirits occupy one human body is not only accepted by the author but he presents a series of scenes in which these spirits are managed by doctors and hypnotists. The basis of the book is the same as that of *The Tyranny of the Dark*, but its intention seems to be to unsettle the reader's belief in Christianity which holds a mortgage on the brain.

Mrs. Darrell: Foxcroft Davis. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

A Southern woman married to an English army officer discovers that she and his cousin, his dearest friend, have become attached to one another; her husband inherits the family estate but soon dies intestate. Becoming involved in debt, she seriously considers the suit of a plausible but politically corrupt capitalist, but the cousin returns from an African hunting trip in time to save her. The passages dealing with American politics and describing a Southern gentleman in poverty are excellent.

Mrs. Essington: Esther and Lucia Chamberlain. *Century.* $1.50.

A prettily written story of a mature widow who decides, after many refusals, to marry a genius younger than she is, only to see him chose that moment to fall in love with a very beautiful and very wealthy girl. The picture of life at an American country house belonging to rich but underbred persons is vivid but not satirical.

Science and the Future Life: James H. Hyslop. *Turner.* $1.50.

This abstract of the elaborate reports of the English Psychical Society is accompanied by comments written in such a spirit as to amount to a defence of a certain spiritualist medium. The honesty of the investigators and of the author is beyond question,

but the book is dangerous reading for the idly curious, although valuable for the student of attempts to manufacture a religion.

Terence O'Rourke, Gentleman Adventurer: L. J. Vance. *Wessels.* $1.50.

The adventures of O'Rourke include an attempt to found a new empire in Africa; intriguing with Arabi Pasha; an incredible run across the desert, much pistol practice and sword play, and at last a promise of happiness. There is nothing credible in the story, but O'Rourke is a good fighter.

Tyranny of the Dark: Hamlin Garland. *Harper.* $1.50.

The heroine, a girl of feeble will, and her mother, a woman easily influenced to all manner of folly, come under the influence of a spiritualist who persuades them that the girl is a medium. She comes near the border land of insanity before her lover, a man of science and common sense, aided by her step-father, rescues her and restores her to health. The book is based on the reports of the Psychical Society, but does not accept the decisions of the Society's investigations, still less those of "The Mortgage on the Brain." It shows "Spiritualism" in all its comical ugliness.

Ultimate Passion: Phillip Verrill Mighels. *Harper.* $1.50.

This story begins by showing its hero at the moment when the machine has defeated him and exhibits the processes by which it endeavored to make him the Republican candidate for President and the husband of the leading Republican capitalist's daughter. He conquers in the second fight, discovering that decency is the ultimate passion with decent men, but he commits political suicide. The women are too stupid for credibility, but the men are lifelike.

Weird Picture: John R. Carling. *Little.* $1.50.

A villainous Italian painter murders a girl's bridegroom on the eve of his wedding and conceals the body, leaving the girl to suppose herself deserted. The victim's brother wooes her after a decent time and saves her from the Italian, who is desirous of murdering her also, that he may paint her death struggles. The horrors are blended into a wild melodrama which the author spoils by a series of absurd blunders about Holy Communion and Confession, concerning which he has notions curiously hazy.

White Terror and the Red: Abraham Cahan. *Barnes.* $1.50.

The conspirators described in this story, although meant for heroes and heroines, are either sentimentalists seeking for a new sensation, or fanatics filled with consuming hatred. The hero belongs to the former class and is ridiculous even after he becomes dangerous. The story of the assassination of Alexander Second is related with painful coldness, and the only value of the book is its involuntary exhibition of the real spirit of revolution in Russia.

Wine Press: Anna Robeson Brown. *Appleton.* $1.50.

The heroine attempts to befriend the illegitimate daughter of her father and a great actress, and thus blights many years of her own life, for the girl is extraordinarily vain and perverse, but justice comes to both in the end. The revelations as to life in a girl's college are exceedingly well done, a variety of types being excellently defined and described.

Literary Chat.

"*Religion*," writes the latest Cyrenian philosopher, Gideon Wurdz, in his *Collection of Uncertain Words*, is "a cloak used by some persons in this world who will be warm enough without one in the next." *Resolution* he defines as a "fragile bit of crockery, fashioned on the first day of January [or, we would say, on the last day of the Summer Retreat] and usually broken on the second (or the day after)." *Virtue*, according to him, is "a quality oftentimes associated with intelligence, but rarely with beauty." *Worry* is "a state of mind that leads some persons to fear every time the tide goes out that it won't come in again." *Year* he finds to be "a period originally including 365 days, now 325, since the other 40 are Lent." *Lent* is "a Church fast that is slow to go; or something loaned which is slow to come back."

Touching the subject of festal chronology, he defines *Fourth of July* to be "a national holiday, invented for the benefit of popcorn and peanut promoters; tin-horn and toy-balloon venders; lemonade chemists; dealers in explosives; physicians and surgeons. A grand chance for the citizen-soldier to hear the roar of battle, smell powder, shoot the neighbor's cat, and lose a night's rest — or a finger." *Thanksgiving Day* is "a day devoted to the annual division of Turkey—with Greece on the side—by the Hung'ry folks." *Parents* is only partially defined as "one of the hardships of a minor's life"; the definition applies also to boarding-school teachers—both ways. A *philosopher* is "one who instead of crying over spilt milk consoles himself with the thought that it was over four-fifths water." This definition must be distinguished from that of *optimist*, which is the man who keeps "the cheerful frame of mind that enables a tea-kettle to sing though in hot water up to its nose." We conclude with a seasonable definition of *ice*,—"a substance frequently associated with a tumble in winter, a tumbler in summer, and a skate the year around."

The fourth volume (beginning with H) of Herder's *Conversations Lexikon* (third edition) brings that work down to "Kombattanten." We have already directed attention to its systematic and well printed make-up. This is not a dictionary of ecclesiastical subjects, and is entirely distinct from the magnificent encyclopædia in thirteen volumes (including a special reference or index volume to the terms contained in the body of the whole work) issued by the same firm (second edition) under the name of *Kirchen Lexikon*. The *Conversations Lexikon* is simply a general encyclo-

pædia like Chambers' or Johnson's, but written by specialists and scholars who being at the same time Catholics know how to protect the general reader against misrepresentation, discrimination, or partiality, in treating of topics that touch the religion of Catholics. That such a work is possible in Germany, and so well received, is an evidence of the unity and harmonious activity of Catholic scholarship in a country which is not only the seat of intellectual and popular Protestantism, but which by its legislation decidedly limits the exercise of Catholic worship.

The number of books contained in public libraries of the United States is estimated at about 65,000,000 volumes. The Congressional Library at Washington has by far the largest collection of books in the United States. It contains upward of a million and a quarter volumes. Next to it comes Harvard University, with over 560,000 bound volumes, and 350,000 pamphlets. The Boston Public Library figures in the third place, the aggregate number of its books and pamphlets being 772,000. The New York Public Library, which includes the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, has 500,000 volumes and 140,000 pamphlets. The New York City Library has 500,000 volumes, together with a large number of pamphlets; the library of Columbia University has nearly 300,000 volumes, and 15,000 pamphlets, and the Mercantile Library, 262,000 volumes, including pamphlets. The Philadelphia Library Company owns 201,000 volumes and 31,000 pamphlets, and the number of books and pamphlets in the Philadelphia Free Library is 207,000. The Chicago Public Library has 258,000 books and pamphlets, and in the library of the Chicago University there are 329,000 books and 150,000 pamphlets. All of the last-mentioned statistics are taken from the report for 1900.

European libraries are naturally ahead of us both in the number and quality (rare editions and MSS.) of books, although there is a steady appreciation of book-values among American bibliophiles. The *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, in 1900, had 3,000,000 books and pamphlets, the British Museum 2,000,000, the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg 1,500,000, and the Royal Library at Berlin 1,000,000.

In the matter of new books, Germany stands at the head of all other countries. Its publication houses in the year 1901 issued 25,331 volumes against 8,141 published in the United States; 6,044 British publications; 9,975 Italian (year 1900); 9,432 French, not including French books published in Belgium, which reports an output of 2610 (year 1900) of all kinds of books; Netherlands, 2,889; Norway 646; Sweden 1,683; Denmark 1,251. The last four reports are for 1900.

A curious feature of this literary output is that, whilst nearly all the countries have increased their production of printed books, and in some cases, as in the United States, have almost doubled the annual issue since 1890, the number of books published in France has notably and steadily decreased during the last few years. Thus the French government reported the publication of 11,568 volumes for 1898; the following year, 1899, the number was reduced to 10,199; in 1900 it had decreased to 10,004, and the next year to 9,432. The reduction is notably in books that deal with philosophy, religion, medicine (the number of medical works has been reduced by almost half), history, pedagogy (education), whereas there is a slight

increase in the output of works on occult sciences, political tracts, natural sciences, translations from foreign languages, masonic and theatrical literature. Similar indications of a literary slackening come from Italy, where only books on agriculture, marine technique, and medicine show a slight increase; other works, notably educational books, being on the down grade.

Some time ago a writer in THE DOLPHIN directed attention to the one-sided view which Dr. Guy Carleton Lee's "non-sectarian history" (Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia) gives of Sir Francis Drake as an explorer whose piratical operations Dr. Lee excuses on the ground that Queen Elizabeth needed his assistance to vindicate Protestant rights against the tyranny of the Catholic King Philip of Spain in his treatment especially of the Netherlands. Here is what a better informed writer in *Harper's Magazine* for July says of Sir Francis Drake's conduct. "At three in the afternoon of March 1st, John Drake, the commander's brother, shouted out from the mast-top where he clung, 'Ship ho!' and the blood of every Englishman aboard jumped to the words. At six in the evening, just off Cape Francisco, they were so close to the *Glory of the South Seas* they could see that she was compelled to sail slowly owing to the weight of her cargo. So unaware of danger was the captain that he thought Drake some messenger sent by the viceroy, and instead of getting arms in readiness and pressing sails, he furled his canvas, came to anchor, and waited! Drake's announcement was a roaring cannonade that blew the mast-poles off the Spanish ship, crippling her like a bird with wings broken. For the rest, the scene was what has been enacted wherever pirates have played their game—a furious fusillade from the cannon mouths belching from decks and port-holes, the unscathed ship riding down on the staggering victim like a beast on its prey, the clapping of the grappling-hooks that bound the captive to the sides of her victim, the rush over decks, the flash of naked swords, the decks swimming in blood, and the quick surrender. The booty from this treasure-ship was roughly estimated as twenty-six tons of pure silver, thirteen chests of gold plate, eighty pounds of pure gold, and precious jewels—emeralds and pearls—to the value in modern money of $720,000. The *Golden Hind* was so heavily freighted with treasure, it was actually necessary to lighten ballast by throwing spices and silks overboard." And all this was done under Elizabeth's patronage.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. With eight illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Company, Ltd. 1905. Pp. 277.

LITTLE MANUAL OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS. Containing the Rules, Indulgences, Privileges granted by the Supreme Pontiff Leo XIII to the Members of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis Assisi. Abridged from St. Francis Manual. Boston: Marlier Publishing Co. 1905. Pp. 85. Price, $0.10.

HOLY CONFIDENCE; or, Simplicity with God. Translated by Mother Magdalen Taylor, S.M.G., from a work of Father Rogacci, S.J., entitled *Unum Necessarium*. Revised by Father James Clare, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd. 1904. Pp. 195. Price, $0.60 *net*.

THE WORDS OF ST. FRANCIS. From His Works and the Early Legends. Selected and Translated by Anne Macdonnell. London: J. M. Dent and Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. Pp. 95. Price, $0.60 *net.*

LE LIVRE DE LA BONTÉ. Par G. Marquis. Paris: Charles Douniol (P. Téqui). 1905. Pp. viii—144. Prix 1 franc.

POURQUOI JE SUIS DEVENU CATHOLIQUE. Preface de M. l'Abbé Henri Bremond. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 1905. Pp. vi—33.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS. By Giovanni Rosadi, Deputato to the Italian Parliament and Advocate to the Court of Tuscany. Edited, with a Preface, by Dr. Emil Reich, author of *Success Among Nations*, etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905. Pp. xvii—335. Price, $2.50 *net;* postage additional.

HISTORY.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR VISITING CATHOLIC PRISONERS. Eighth and Ninth Annual Reports for the years ending January 31, 1904, and 1905. Pp. 30.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1903. Vol. II. Washington: Government Printing Office. Pp. vii—1217 to 2511.

JOHN KNOX AND THE REFORMATION. By Andrew Lang. With Illustrations. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1905. Pp. xiv—281. Price, $3.50 *net.*

HOMES OF THE FIRST FRANCISCANS IN UMBRIA, the Borders of Tuscany, and the Northern Marches. By Beryl D. de Selincourt. With Thirteen Illustrations from Photographs. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905. Pp. viii—325. Price, $1.50 *net.*

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS. From the Annals of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. 1855–1905. With illustrations. Notre Dame, Indiana: The Ave Maria. Pp. xiii—214.

ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D., Ph.D., D.Litt., F.R.Hist.S. With numerous illustrations, maps and plans. Second edition, revised. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. xiii—326.

THE ANGEL OF SYON. The Life and Martyrdom of Blessed Richard Reynolds, Bridgettine Monk of Syon, Martyred at Tyburn, May 4, 1535. By Dom Adam Hamilton, O.S.B. To which is added a Sketch of the History of the Bridgettines of Syon, written by Father Robert Parsons, S.J, about the year 1595, edited from a MS. copy at Syon Abbey, Chudleigh. Edinburgh and London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. xii—116. Price, $1.10 *net.*

ROME. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Text by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905. Pp. xi—267. Price, $6.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOLAR'S INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. A textbook for the use of Catholic Schools. By Arnold Harris Mathew (*De jure* Earl of Landaff). Revised by the Very Rev. W. A. Sutton, S.J., Rector of Mungret College, Limerick. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. xiii–412.

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY. Founded on the Journal of D. Bourgoing, Physician to Mary Queen of Scots, and on Unpublished MS. Documents. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford. New Edition. Edinburgh and London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 256. Price, $1.10 *net.*

VALIANT AND TRUE. Being the Adventures of a Young Officer of the Swiss Guards at the Time of the French Revolution. By Joseph Spillmann. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. xvi–408. Price, $1.60 *net.*

A GIRL'S IDEAL. By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). Illustrated by R. Hope. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 399.